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at the Turner Exhibition

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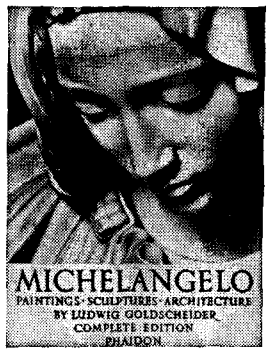

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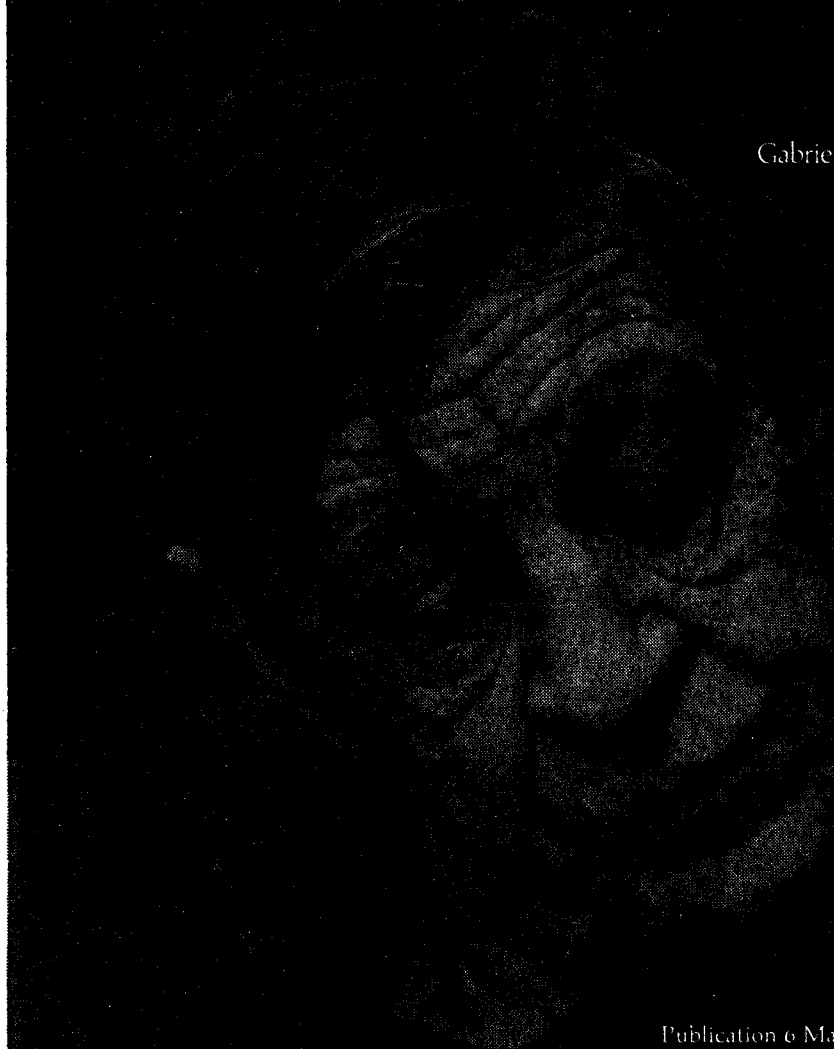

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Paul Theroux

Pretend I'm not here

EVEN AN AMATEUR bird-watcher knows the bird from the way the empty nest is woven on a limb; and the wallpaper you hate at your new address is a pattern in the former tenant's mind. So I came to know Rogers, my predecessor at the consulate, from the harsh-voiced people who phoned for him at odd hours and the unpaid bills that arrived to reveal his harassments so well. That desk drawer he forgot to empty told me a great deal about his hoarding postcards and the travels of his friends (Charlie and Nance in Rome, Tom and Grace in Osaka—interesting, because both couples reported "tummy-aches"). But I knew Rogers best from the habits of Peeraswami, the Indian clerk, and the descent of Miss Harbottle.

Peeraswami said, "I see European lady today morning, *Tuan*", and I knew he had no letters. Rogers had allowed him to take credit for the mail: he beamed with an especially important letter and handed it over slowly, weighing it in his brown hand like an award; if there were no letters he apologised and made conversation. Rogers must have found this behaviour consoling. It drove me up the wall.

"Thank you." I went back to my report.

He hesitated. "In market. With camera. Taking snaps of City Bar's little girl." Woo Boh Swee, who owned the establishment, was known locally as City Bar, though his elder child was always called Reggie. "European from America."

"An American?" I looked up. "How do you know?"

"Wearing a hat", he said. "Carrying her own boxes."

"That doesn't mean she's an American."

"Riding the night bus." He smiled. "American."

A show of contempt from the barefoot mail-boy. Americans, once thought of as free-spenders and luxury travellers, were now considered cheapskates. What he said was partly true: the night bus from Kuala Lumpur was used mostly by American students and Tamil rubber tappers. But Peeraswami was such a know-it-all; I hoped he was wrong.

I saw her after lunch. She was sitting on the front steps of the consulate, fiddling with her camera. Her suitcases were stacked next to her. I recognised her from the hat. It was a Mexican model, and the wide brim was tied at the sides by a blue ribbon, making it into a silly bonnet with a high conical crown.

She said, "I shouldn't be doing this in broad daylight."

She was juggling little yellow capsules, changing the film in her camera. I stepped past her and unlocked the front door.

"Are you open now?" She looked up and made a horrible face at the sun.

"No", I said. "Not until two. You've got a few minutes more."

"I'll just sit right here."

I went inside, and reflecting on that hat, considered leaving by the back door. But it was too hot for tennis, too early for a drink; and I had work to do. I turned on the fan and began signing the letters I'd dictated that morning. I had signed only three when the door burst open.

"Hey!" She was at the door, undoing her bonnet. "Where's Mister Rogers?"

"I'm the new consul."

"Why didn't you say so out there?"

"I only admit to it during office hours", I said. "It cuts down the work." I showed her my pen, the letters on my blotter.

"Well, I've got a little problem", she said. Now her bonnet was off, and I could see her

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face clearly. She was sunburned, plump and not young; her hands were deeply freckled and she stood leaning one fist on my desk, talking to me as if at an employee. "It's to do with accommodation. I don't have any, and I was counting on Rogers. I know him from Riyadh."

"He's in Turkey now", I said. "But there's a rest house in town."

"It's full."

"There are two Chinese hotels."

She leaned still further on her fist: "Did you ever spend a night in a Chinese hotel?"

"There's a camp-site", I said. "If you know anything about camping."

"I camped my way through the Great Nafud. That's where I met Rogers", she said. "I wrote a book about it."

"Then Ayer Hitam shouldn't bother you in the least."

"My tent was stolen yesterday in K.L., at the bus depot."

"You have to be careful."

"It was stolen by an American."

She looked as if she was holding me responsible. I said, "I'll keep an eye out for it. In the meantime—"

"All I want is a few square feet to throw my sleeping-bag", she said. "You won't even know I'm there. And don't worry—I'll give you an acknowledgement in my book."

"You're writing another one, are you?"

"I always do."

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN the heat or the fact that I had just noticed she was a stout woman in late middle-age and looked particularly plain and vulnerable in her faded cotton dress, with her sunburned arms and peeling nose and a bulbous bandage on her thumb. I said, "All right then. Be at my house at six and I'll see what I can fix up for you."

Ah Wing met me in the driveway as Abubaker swung the car to a halt. Ah Wing had been Rogers' cook, and he was old enough to have been cook for Rogers' predecessor as well; he had the fatigued tolerance of the Chinese employee who treats his employers as cranky birds of passage. He said, "There is a *mem* in the garden."

"Wearing a hat?"

"Wearing."

She had spread a ground-sheet on the grass and opened one of her suitcases. A half-rolled sleeping-bag lay on the ground-sheet, and she was seated on the second suitcase. blowing up a rubber air-mattress. She took the nozzle out of her mouth and said, "Hi there!"

"You're not going to sleep here, are you?"

"This suits me fine", she said. "I'm no sissy." The implication being that I was one for using a bed. "Now you just leave me be and pretend I'm not here. Don't worry about me."

"It's the grass I'm worried about", I said. "New turf. Rather frail."

She allowed herself to be persuaded, and gathered up her camping equipment. Inside the house she said, "You live like a king! Is this all yours?"

"It's rented from the Sultan."

"Tax-payers' money", she said, touching the walls as she went along.

"This is considered a hardship post by the State Department."

"I haven't seen any hardships yet", she said.

"You haven't been in town very long", I said.

"Good point", she said.

She was in the bedroom; she dropped her suitcases and sat on the bed and bounced. "A real bed!"

"I suppose you'll be wanting dinner?"

"No, sir!" She reached for her handbag. "I've got all I need right here." She took out a wilted branch of rambutans, half a loaf of bread and a tin of Ma-Ling stew.

"That won't be necessary", I said.

"Whatever you say." On the verandah she said, "You do all right for yourself", and punished the gin bottle; and over dinner she said, "God, do you eat like this every day?"

I made non-committal replies, and then I remembered. I said, "I don't even know your name."

"Harbottle", she said. "Margaret Harbottle. Miss. I'm sure you've seen my travel books."

"The name rings a bell."

"The Great Nafud was the toughest one. Rogers didn't have a place like this!"

"It must be very difficult for a woman to travel in Saudi Arabia."

"I didn't go as a woman", she said.

"How interesting."

"I went as a man", she said. "Oh, it's really quite simple. I'm ugly enough. I cut my

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hair and wore a burnous. They never knew the difference!"

She went on to tell me of her other travels, which were stories of cheerful privations, how she lived on dates and Nile water for a week in Juba, slept in a ditch in Kenya, crossed to Lamu by dhow. She was eating the whole time she spoke, jabbing her fork in the air as if spearing details, "You won't believe this", she said, "but I haven't paid for a meal since Penang, and *that* was a misunderstanding."

"I believe it."

She looked out the window at the garden. "I'm going to paint that. Put it in the book. I always illustrate my own books. 'With illustrations by the author.'"

We finished dinner and I said, "I usually read at this time of day."

"Don't let me interrupt your routine", she said.

We had coffee, and then I picked up my novel. She sat in the lounge with me, smoking a Burmese cheroot, looking around the room. She said, "Boy, you do all right!" I glanced up in annoyance. "Go ahead—read", she said. "Pretend I'm not here."

DAYS LATER SHE WAS still with me. Ah Wing complained that her food was stinking up the bedroom. There was talk of her at the club: she had been sniffing around the Sultan's summer house, and then had come to the club bar and made a scene when she was refused a drink. She got one eventually by saying she was my house-guest. I signed the chits the next day: five gins and a port and lemon. It must have been quite an evening.

Her worst offence was at the river. I heard the story from Peeraswami. She had gone there late one afternoon and found some men bathing, and she had begun photographing them. They had seen her but, stark naked, they couldn't run out of the water. They had shouted. She photographed them shouting. They had thrown stones at her. She photographed that. It was only when she started away that the men wrapped themselves in sarongs and chased her, but she had taken one of their bicycles and escaped.

"They think I haven't seen a man before", she said, when I asked her about it.

"Malay men are modest", I said.

"Believe me, they've got something to be modest about!"

I decided to change the subject. I said, "I'm having some people over tomorrow for drinks."

"I don't mind", she said.

"I was hoping you wouldn't."

"And don't worry about me", she said, "Just pretend I'm not here."

I was tempted to say, "How?" I resisted and said, "You don't do much painting."

"The light's not right."

The next evening she had changed into a clean dress. I could not think of a polite way of getting rid of her. She stayed, drank more than anyone and talked non-stop of her travels. When the guests left, she said, "They were nice, but kinda naïve, you know what I mean?"

"Miss Harbottle", I said, "I'm expecting some more people this weekend."

She smiled. "Pretend I'm not here."

"That is not a very easy thing to do", I said. "You see, they're staying overnight, and I was planning to put them in your room."

"But you have lots of rooms!"

"I expect lots of guests."

"Then I'll sleep on the grass", she said. "I intended to do that anyway. You won't even know I'm there."

"But if we decide to play croquet we might disturb that nap you always have after lunch."

"It's your meals", she said. "I usually don't eat so much. But I hate to see food go to waste."

That was on Thursday. On Friday I had a visit from Ali Mohammed. "It is about your house-guest", he said. "She took some cloth from my shop and has not paid for it."

"She might have forgotten."

"That is not all. The men she photographed at the river are still cross. They want very much to break up her camera. And Mekmal says she scratched his pushbike."

"You'll have to see her about it."

"This is serious", he said, glowering and putting on his *songkok*. "She is your house-guest."

"She won't be much longer."

I can't say I was sorry her inconvenience extended to Ali Mohammed; he had been in the habit of saying to me "When is *Tuan* Rogers coming back?" And then it occurred to me that an unwelcome guest is like a weapon. I could use Miss Harbottle quite

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blamelessly against Ali or Peeraswami, both of whom deserved her. An unwelcome guest could carry annoyance to your enemy; you only had to put them in touch.

"Ali Mohammed was in the office today", I said over lunch. "He says you took some cloth from him without paying for it."

"I thought it was a present."

"He didn't think so."

"When I go to a country", said Miss Harbottle, with a note of instruction in her voice, "I expect to be given presents. I'm writing a book about this place. I'm *promoting* these people."

"That reminds me", I said. "I've decided to charge you rent."

Miss Harbottle's face fell. "I never pay", she said. "I don't carry much cash." She squinted at me. "That's pretty unfair."

"I don't want money", I said.

She said, "You should be ashamed of yourself. I'm fifty-two years old."

"And not that either", I said. "Your payment will be a picture. One of your water colours for every night you stay here from now on."

"I can't find my brushes."

"I'll buy some new ones."

"I see", she said, and as soon as we finished eating she went to her room.

Late that same night the telephone rang. It was Peeraswami. He had just come from a meeting outside the mosque. Ali Mohammed was there, and Mekmal, and City Bar, and the men from the river, the rubber tappers—everyone with a grievance against Miss Harbottle. They had discussed ways of dealing with the woman. The Malays wanted to humiliate her; the Chinese suggested turning the matter over to a secret society; the Indians had pressed for some expensive litigation. It was the first time I had seen the town united in this way, their single object—the plump Miss Harbottle—inspiring in them a sense of harmonious purpose. I didn't discourage Peeraswami, though he reported the proceedings with what I thought was uncalled-for glee.

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can do", I said. She was Rogers' guest, not mine; Rogers' friends could deal with her.

"What to do?" asked Peeraswami.

"Whatever you think best", I said. "And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she was on the early bus tomorrow."

In the morning. Ah Wing woke me with tea and the news that there were twenty people in the garden demanding to see me. I took my time dressing and then went out. They saw me and called out in Malay, "Where is she? Where is the *orang puteh*?"

Ah Wing shook his head. He said, "Not here."

"Liar!" Peeraswami yelled, and this cry was taken up by the others.

Ah Wing turned to me and said, "She left early—on the Singapore bus."

"Liar!" said Peeraswami again. "We were at the bus station!"

"Yes", said Ali Mohammed. "There was no woman at the station." He had a stick in his hand; he shook it at me and said, "We want to search your house."

"Wait", I said. "Did you see a European?"

"A man only", said Ali Mohammed.

"A fat one", said Peeraswami with anger and disgust. "He refused Mekmal to carry his boxes."

I'm sure my laughter bewildered them; I was full of gratitude for Miss Harbottle. I loved her for that.

The Consolations of Natural Philosophy

Always when there seems nothing left to do
there will be people, and the world, to view:
spectator-pleasures. And forget we know
the audience dies before the end of the show.

Alistair Elliot

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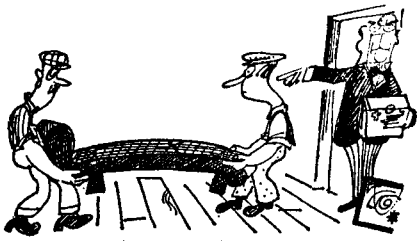
Michael Wharton

Dr Heinz Kiosk

A Profile



IF ONE WERE TO CHOOSE an all-purpose, portable, folding social psychologist (or psychosociologist) out of all the practitioners of that branch of science (if branch and science be appropriate terms) in England today, it would be difficult to find one more fully representative than Dr Heinz Kiosk. He might even have been invented, rather than born, to fill that very role. Indeed there are those, perhaps misled by a certain mechanical-seeming quality in the Doctor, a certain metallic unchanging aspect, an air of being activated solely by electrical circuits (as he himself, of course, would "in the last analysis" maintain he was)—there are those who believe he did in fact originate in that way.

According to *Who's Who*, however, he was born in the ordinary way in Germany in 1916 and came to England in 1937, a graduate in psychiatric medicine from the University of Zwergenberg-am-Niebel. During the War he served his adopted country well in the Directorate of Psychological Warfare. One of his plans was to cover selected areas of Germany with anti-Nazi leaflets to a depth of twelve feet, thus re-educating and suffocating the inhabitants at the same time. After being considered in high quarters, the plan was eventually turned down owing to lack of paper.

After the War he did a spell as a lecturer at London University in social psychiatry, then an infant science which was to grow rapidly to be the lusty giant it has since become. Then he set up in private practice as a psychiatrist with considerable success, at any rate from his own point of view. Soon he was a consultant at several important hospitals, notably St Bogwena's Hospital at Stretchford, where one of his most valued colleagues was Dr Klingsor, the pioneer of floral phantasmology. He also ran the municipal psychiatric clinic at Nerdley, where his controversial theories of the virtual identity of paediatric and geriatric psychiatry ("a great saving") won him acclaim in the Public Health Department.

IT WAS AT THIS PERIOD of his career, up to the 1960s, that Dr Kiosk broadened the basis of his work, began to contribute copiously to learned journals and enlarged the scope and number of his consultancies to an unheard of degree. Today, it is estimated, he holds posts of psychiatric consultant (with appropriate fees) in such numbers and for such a wide range of official and semi-official bodies—from the South-Western Gas Board and the Universities Appointments Board to the National Deckchair Council and the Central Fudge and Caramel Manufacturers' Alliance—that he has himself lost count of them and sometimes believes he is advising the National Gumboot Council on psychological aspects of their work when he is in fact advising the Amalgamated Holeborers' Union. Not that many of those he is advising notice this.

BUT IT IS AS a theorist and experimental worker in social psychiatry that he is best known. This is the field—vast, amorphous and ill-defined—where Dr Kiosk has built up a body of theory which, expressing as it does the "spirit of the age", has made him one of the most influential scientists in the country.

He is the man liberal-minded journalists seek out automatically when they need an authoritative opinion on some social "trend" or event which may be thought to have psychological implications. He is the man liberal-minded television discussion producers—or, more

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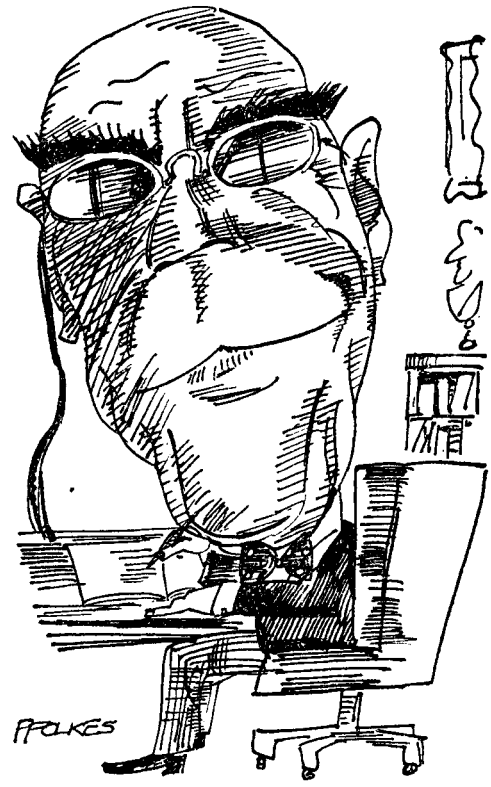
succinctly, television discussion producers—seek out likewise. His features, serious and authoritative, "yet very human", have for years stared from the screens in millions of homes. As an article in the *GPI Times*, organ of the GPI Television Network, said only the other day: "Committed yet compassionate, thought-provoking yet deeply controversial, he may delight you and enthral you, anger you to the point of reaching for your iron bar to smash the screen, reduce you to a coma or bore you into the ground. One thing you cannot do: ignore him. . . ."

WHAT IS Dr Kiosk's message? It can best be illustrated by quoting some of his comments on questions of the day, which will reveal not only the "deeply-felt consistency of this massive observer of the human scene"—to quote the *GPI Times* article again—but "his meaningful relevance, his unique contribution to the dialogue between scientist and layman which is so massively and relevantly essential if our civilisation is to survive and move forward in this contemporary, up-to-the-minute age."

Dr Kiosk is above all things an optimist. At a time when optimism has become unfashionable in some quarters and scientific values are being questioned, he believes in Progress. He has no truck—and never will have, unless it should become psychologically relevant and even lucrative—with the kind of reactionary thinking which opposes the real needs of the majority in favour of the privileged few.



An example: he believes very strongly (he is chief psychiatric adviser both to the British Airports Authority and to the Friends of Noise) that, contrary to a widely-held view, the noise of jets flying overhead is not merely harmless to the people below but is positively beneficial.

"Tests I conducted on a volunteer group of mice," he said as much as ten years ago, "during which they were exposed to non-stop tape-recordings of aircraft noise for 24 hours, showed that 85·4 per cent of the mice remained quiescent during the experiment. It was only *after the noise stopped* that they showed signs of nervous distress. The remaining 14·6 per cent of mice died during the experiment. But this was most probably due to lung cancer caused by excessive cigarette-smoking during a previous experiment under laboratory conditions.

"Percentages for the human population—for the sake of brevity I have to use this unscientific term—living near London Airport would, I believe, be much the same. The obvious inference is that most people in our society have a psychological need for continuous noise and become distressed when they are deprived of it. Noise is particularly valuable in preventing coherent thought and inhibiting morbid doubts—amounting in some cases to severe neurosis—about the benefits of technological progress."

DR KIOSK WAS ONE OF THE FIRST psychologists to grasp the importance of what has become known as "trendiness" for our society. "Modern man", he says, "carries the burden of a new trend-consciousness. He is in danger of falling into a state where his deep-seated demand for new trends exceeds his capacity to create them. Suddenly he feels trendless and alone, an abyss of trendlessness yawning beneath his psycho-physical feet!"

ONE OF THE FIELDS in which Dr Kiosk has done some of his most important pioneering work is that of penology. As long ago as 1965 he was arguing that the un-

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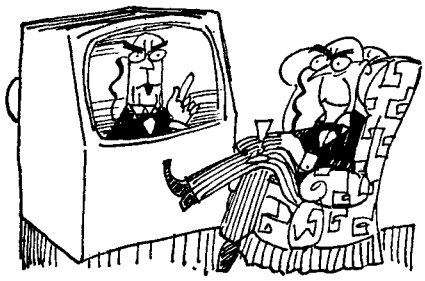


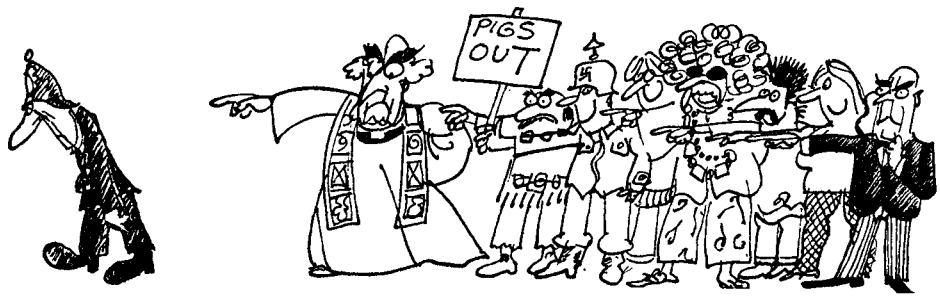
healthy "imbalance between policemen and criminals should be redressed by recruiting a police force consisting mainly of short, puny, casually-dressed policemen wearing deaf-aids, of low I.Q., and preferably with criminal tendencies themselves. Members of minority groups at present socially unacceptable to the majority, such as homosexuals and methylated spirit drinkers, should also be recruited. There is still an unhealthy tendency to regard the policeman with respect, even with fear. We must replace this attitude with one of contempt and derision if we are to restore the criminal's confidence in himself and help him to take his proper place in the Britain of the future. . . ."

He attacked the outmoded view that "prison life ought to be somehow different from life outside. This is not only fatally destructive of prisoners' self-respect. It may also produce morbid arrogance—leading to psychopathic delusions of grandeur—in people who do not happen to be in prison at any particular time. We must create new types of prison which will incorporate schools, flats, offices, factories and power-stations, as well as parks, cinemas, theatres and yachting marinas; prisons in which husbands, wives and children, indeed the whole population, can live together under expert supervision. We must create a society in which the false distinction between 'imprisonment' and 'freedom'—with all its debasing, reactionary associations—has been abolished. Only in a society in which everyone is a prisoner can Man at last be truly free."

DR KIOSK, ALWAYS A BAROMETER of social tendencies, was quick to see the danger of a "fascist, authoritarian backlash" against the progressive ideas he has done so much to promote in this field. In 1971 the Police Federation called for "tougher action" against violent criminals. "As reasonable people", he said, "we may feel inclined to ignore this hysterical outburst or dismiss it as coming from a vociferous minority of uniformed cranks and neurotics obsessed with the 'war against crime' which is their most cherished illusion. But there I think we should be wrong. The statement by the Police Federation is unmistakably a cry for help, the desperate appeal of sick people who are unable to come to terms with reality and with the society in which they live. It demands not our disapproval, contempt or ridicule, natural as these may be, but our compassion. The plight of these policemen concerns each and every one of us. We are all guilty.

"The primary need, of course, is for education. These deluded policemen, with their insistent talk of 'criminals', 'the law', 'protecting society' and other outmoded concepts, must learn to accept a society based on those basic values of dissent and social awareness which the 'violent criminal' of their fevered imagination represents and embodies more compellingly than most of us can ever hope to do. It will be a long, hard road. For policemen—a 'maverick' social group inclined to accept unthinkingly the values of the past—it will be particularly hard. But unless they are prepared to take it, like the rest of us, how can policemen play their part in building the future society, let alone have any place in it themselves?"

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT Dr Kiosk did not himself coin the phrase "We are all guilty" which expresses so beautifully what another progressive thinker, Dr Spacely-Trellis, the



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forward-looking Bishop of Bevindon, has called "the qualities of compassion, participation and open-ended dialogue which are the 'edge tools' of meaningful, relevant criticism of our society." But the phrase, through continual use, has come to be closely associated with Dr Kiosk's work. In 1969, for instance, he offered to give his services for a nominal fee to the CLAIMANTS' UNION, a North London group formed to defend the rights not only of the unemployed but of people who refused to work on conscientious grounds. "We are gradually getting rid", he said, "of the outmoded, unscientific idea that when a man refuses to work—or refuses to do anything else, for that matter—he is doing so of his own free will. He is, of course, a helpless victim of the Establishment. A man who prefers to stay in bed all day rather than take a job is uttering a muffled cry for help from beneath the bedclothes of social discrimination. Every snore he emits is a criticism of our unjust social system, all the more moving and cogent for its underprivileged inarticulacy. It is high time we paid heed to that snoring message of protest. We are all guilty," he added, just when people were beginning to think he had for once forgotten to say it.

This Kioskic "compassion" has never been better shown than in the comments Dr Kiosk has made on the troubles in Ulster. Last year, for instance, when the danger of using rubber bullets against rioters was mentioned in a medical report, an "Army spokesman" said that the Army wanted to stop using these bullets as much as anybody else, but "the people will have to stop rioting first." Dr Kiosk's rejoinder was immediate and crushing. "This attitude is typical of the closed military mind. To ask people who have got used to rioting as a way of life to give up the practice immediately is to risk doing them grave psychological injury. Their enforced idleness could lead to a state of boredom and listlessness, a lack of interest in life which might easily turn to violence. . . ."

COMPASSION, COMBINED WITH AN INSTINCT for penetrating unerringly to the very heart of a social problem, can be shown in small matters as well as great. "*Humanum nil a se alienum putavit*" might well be graven on Dr Kiosk's tombstone, in the unlikely event of his ever agreeing to have one. For example: at a conference of the National Dairymen's Association (to which Dr Kiosk is, of course, chief psychiatric adviser) a speaker said that "one of the biggest anti-status things we have is that the roundsman has to pick up empties." Dr Kiosk's comment was characteristic: "*Milkman's Angst* is the term generally used to describe the feeling of ontological humiliation which arises from picking up and carrying away empty milk bottles. It is undoubtedly linked with the negative feeling-tone of an empty milk bottle as opposed to a full one. The milkman gradually comes to identify himself with the empty bottles, seeing them as symbols of emotional deprivation and social underprivilege. In some cases he can only exteriorise and discharge this feeling by breaking the bottles or by hurling them at those he believes, often mistakenly, to be of higher social status than himself.

"One solution for this growing psycho-social problem is for the milkman to carry with him a brightly-coloured embroidered cloth—preferably of some costly material such as brocade, or cloth-of-gold, so as to make what we call a 'positive status-assertion'. If he throws his cloth over the empty bottles no one can tell whether he is carrying full or empty ones, or indeed whether he is coming or going. . . ."

THAT DR KIOSK HAS PLAYED a prominent part in the Sexual Revolution and the freeing of men, women and children from outmoded taboos goes without saying. It is not too much to say that without him our so-called "Permissive Society", with all it has meant in terms of human happiness, could never have come into existence at all. Dr Kiosk has set his face resolutely against censorship and discrimination in any form and against any attempt to impede experiments in the enlargement of human consciousness.

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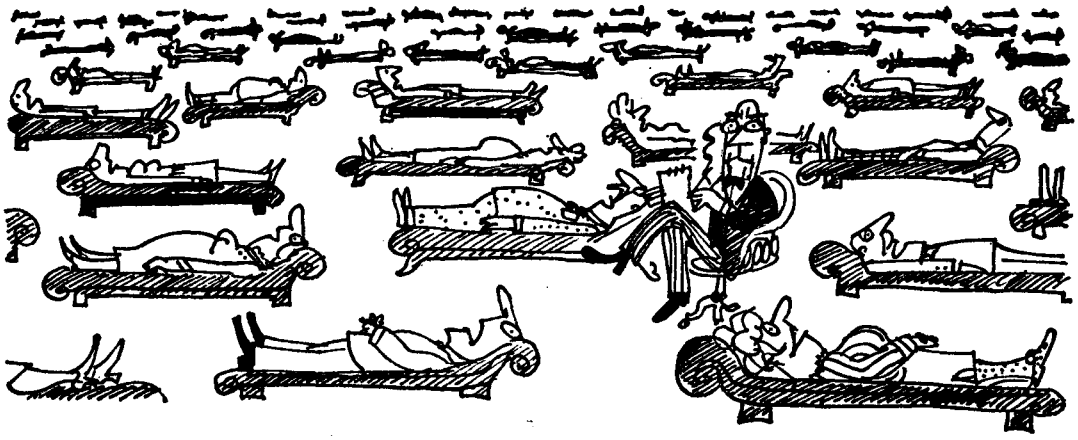
In 1971, for example, when three young soldiers were discharged from the Army for experimenting with drugs, Dr Kiosk's comments on this scandal were very much to the point, in more ways than one. "It seems almost unbelievable", he said, "that young soldiers in this day and age can still be denied the right to use the mind-expanding agents which all forward-looking young civilians take for granted. Militarists and reactionaries may argue that drugs can impair military efficiency, and point to the experience of the Americans in Viet Nam. But surely we do not want to emulate the Russians or Chinese, in whose armed forces drug-taking is officially frowned on and military efficiency is a fetish? What is the purpose of our having armed forces at all? It is surely to bring about world peace. And everything points to the conclusion that the more militarily inefficient our forces are the sooner world peace will be achieved."

WITH HIS ASSISTANT Dr Melisande Fischbein, herself a distinguished social psychiatrist, Dr Kiosk has carried out a great deal of experimental work on human sexuality in laboratory conditions, and innumerable papers on their findings have appeared in the world's leading learned journals. They have also carried on the good work by producing a great number of handbooks for more popular reading. Their series of Sex Manuals range over every conceivable aspect of the subject, as a few of their titles will show: *Sex and the Vertigo Sufferer; Sex for the Rheumatic*; *Sex for Gastric Ulcer Sufferers*; and *Sex for Nonagenarian Alcoholics*."

ONE OVER-ALL POINT made by Dr Kiosk is that in sheer quantity of sexual activity ("sex-output" as he terms it) we are still lagging behind. Sex still tends to be regarded by many people as essentially a leisure activity, and there is far too little sexual intercourse going on during our ordinary working lives, in offices, factories, shops, restaurants and cafés, and on public transport. Dr Kiosk believes that this "sexuality gap" can and must be bridged so that "maximum sex productivity", crucial for true human fulfilment, can be achieved. We must aim, he believes, at attaining a state of "omnisexual mobility", in which everyone in the world has either just had, is having, is thinking of having, or is about to have sexual intercourse with everybody else.

It may be that this ideal state of total fulfilment, in which Dr Kiosk's own work of psycho-social healing would incidentally have become superfluous, will never come into existence. But that is no reason, he thinks, for not striving whole-heartedly towards it. Unless and until we do we shall remain (in Dr Kiosk's famous phrase) *All Guilty*.



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Douglas Dunn

An artist waiting in a country house

An artist waited in a country house
Set in a park, before a lake, and old.
He waited for a lady who had asked
To speak with him, for she had bought his works
And wished to make enquiries of his meaning
And his methods. From where he sat, he saw
The lady walking with her husband, who,
In riding boots, seemed something less than eager
To meet this person who was waiting in
A room that past munificence had warmed.
It seemed to be the finish of an argument
In which both he, the artist, and the lady,
Were subjects of a fanciful connivance
Or were accused of what they'd not intended.
He watched her husband kiss her on the cheek
And leave for somewhere else. He waited, sure
That her arrival was a matter of
A moment. He waited, waited, seated on
A sofa and the minutes passed, unlived,
More cinematic than anonymous.
He felt he'd walked into a private story.
Perhaps no one remembered where he was?
The room was one of fifty. They'd been built
When palaces were populous, and arts
Of masque and figure graced decisive eyes,
An architecture of success and wealth
In far, disreputable trades, or in
The purse of government, the secret gold
Of families. All artists know their pasts,
Those flung purses, when it was proper to
Ignore what now it is improper to
Ignore. Though does that matter, much? He'd come
Because that lady asked, although he'd sensed
An obsoletion in the visit, an
Overdone propriety of interest
He felt was serious and entertaining.
Let it happen, he wished aloud, waiting.
The minutes passed, unlived, and still. The room
Was furniture, an art, a heaven to
The fingers of the artisans who'd made it,
Those other artists who had waited there,
The old originals. His gaze went out
Into the patterned cloth that shaped a chair,
And with it went the function of his eyes.
His eyes were where they should be, on his head,
And yet they were displaced. His mind thinks straight
Most of the time. Some days, to help him work,

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Or justify, he bends his mind—just so—
On finding oppositions, those opposed
To what he knows but does not understand
Of what he does, believing it is art.
That day he stared. He did not mean to, but
He stared. He stared so long that sounds became
Factors of that patterned cloth, so deep
In colour where his gaze had taken him,
And not the slams of doors, or heels on floors,
Or voices raised as if forgetful of
Whatever urgency had made them raised;
Or children running on the crispy leaves;
Or that unskilful pianist playing tunes
Which his or her mistakes made beautiful.
Upon that chair, that lovely patterned cloth,
His gaze lay down. His mind and gaze were sly
And glozed by whispering an entrance to
The chair's amoral world, then went inside
To walk among unlikely foliage
Sensing delight, at one with the delights
Of a serenity, themselves serene, set free.
And loosed to pure inquiry they became
Spectators of release, spectators of
Themselves, himself. And it is terrible
To watch your own eyes watching you, intent
On clarity, from sockets that will twitch
To subtle judgments. By being gone from him,
He felt regret, and holding up his hand
To touch an eye, he touched its gift, a swim
Of body-water one had left behind,
A moistness on his eye, almost a drop.
Invisible fractures in everything.
An error in a pianist's luck. Barking.
The rattle of a dog-cart's wheels. Delights.

He looked behind him. The door had not opened.
When would it open? He was not sure.
Then he was sure. It would be always shut.
He would be there, sitting, waiting, always,
The woman always kissed upon her cheek,
Her husband turning, moving, to his stables
Or wherever, or whatever, or whoever
Was in this private story he had entered
Like a reader who was half-asleep, one eye
Reading as the other lived the story.
He waits, though that door will never open.
The woman, passing it, will stop, her hand
Will almost knock, almost reach the handle,
With the dry reds of the leaves falling
And children running on the dry, bright leaves,
In histories, like timetables, changes
Approximately chronicled as *happened.*
One moment forever, and his gaze stuck
In the lovely patterned cloth of a chair,
So inadvertent, ameliorate, and lost—
Heels on the wooden floors, doors slamming—
It might not be happening, though it is,
For what is melting on his cheek is proof
And round him stare the old originals.

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Frances Yates

Magic
in Shakespeare's Last Plays

On "*The Tempest*"

TO TREAT OF MAGIC, or the magical atmosphere, in Shakespeare one ought to include all the plays, for such an atmosphere is certainly present in his earlier periods. In the Last Plays this atmosphere becomes very strong indeed and, moreover, it becomes more clearly associated with the great traditions of Renaissance magic—magic as an intellectual system of the universe, foreshadowing science, magic as a moral and reforming movement, magic as the instrument for uniting opposing religious opinions in a general movement of Hermetic reform.

All these aspects were present in Giordano Bruno's missionary enterprises, in his new system of the universe, in his Hermetic religion of love and magic which he preached throughout Europe, and particularly in England from 1582 to 1585,[1] Shakespeare's formative years. The influence of Bruno is, I believe, to be felt in *Love's Labour's Lost*[2] in which four members of a "French Academy" (Bruno came to England with a politico-religious message from the French King) are drawn together, probably echoing the efforts of Baïf's Academy of Poetry and Music to draw together Catholics and Huguenots through the incantatory influences of poetry and music. Thus Shakespeare, or so I believe, knew of the larger religious aims of Renaissance magic even in his earlier plays. The late plays show fresh infusions of such influences, and I confine my discussion of this immense subject to "Magic in the Last Plays."

THE FIRST LAST PLAY, the first to show the peculiarities of plot and atmosphere common to all Last Plays, would appear to have been *Pericles*, though caution must be used in speaking of this play about which so much is uncertain. Among the uncertainties is its date of composition, though we know that it cannot be later than 1608 when the first printed edition was entered in the Stationers' Register.[3] *Pericles* differs from other Last Plays in its textual history, since it was several times printed from 1609 onwards, while all the other Last Plays were first printed in the First Folio of 1623. In spite of the peculiarities of this play, and the fact that not all of it is by Shakespeare, it is now generally accepted as a Last Play. And in this play, Shakespeare introduces a great magus figure in the character of Cerimon. Though he took the name, Cerimon, and the fact that he is a doctor, from his source, Gower's *Confessio Amantis*,[4] the Cerimon of *Pericles* is a highly significant new creation.

After the great storm, and in contrast to it, we are introduced into the peaceful atmosphere of Cerimon's house. The doctor has, he tells us, ever "studied physic", and learned the secret properties of metals, stones, plants, holding that knowledge and virtue may make "a man a god."[5] We hear of his charity, how he has healed hundreds, and given of his own wealth to relieve poverty. To this Good Physician, the sailors bring the chest which has been tossed up on the shore by the storm. It is opened and reveals Thaissa, apparently a lifeless corpse. But Cerimon perceives that there may still be life in her, orders fires to

[1] *Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition* (1964), pp. 204 ff.
[2] *Giordano Bruno*, pp. 356–7; *Astraea* (1975), pp. 211–12.
[3] *Pericles* (ed. Hoeniger, Arden edition paperback, 1969), Introduction, p. lxiii.
[4] *Pericles*, pp. xv, lxxvi ff.
[5] *Pericles*, III, ii, 31–2.

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be lighted, and prepares medicaments. He applies warmth, and commands music to sound. Presently Thaissa begins to move and to "blow into life's flower again."[6]

We have seen a skilled physician at work, and more than a physician for divinely healing influences flow from Cerimon. He is an almost Christ-like figure who goes about healing the sick, not for payment, but out of his pure benevolence and charity. We seem to sense here an influence of the new ideal of the physician spreading in Europe through the influence of Paracelsus, in whom new medical skills are combined with a reputation for new magic. Cerimon uses "musical therapy" in his healing, and his power of bringing to life again seems a miracle to the beholders.

Does Cerimon remind us of the Rosicrucian Brothers, who, as described in the first Rosicrucian manifesto, the *Fama*, were an Order devoted to healing the sick *gratis*?[7] So far as we know, the earliest date at which the *Fama* may have been circulating is 1610,[8] and this play cannot be later than 1608. Nevertheless, the Rosicrucian manifestos undoubtedly reflect a movement which was in existence earlier. Be that as it may (and I am not attempting more than a suggestion here) it can be said that Cerimon has something of a Rosicrucian aura about him. He is the magus as physician, rather than the magus as physical scientist, like Prospero. He did not actually perform the miracle of raising the dead to life; Thaissa was not really dead. Yet Cerimon himself says that great knowledge and skill may "make a man a god", and his appearance after the storm suggests an almost miraculous peace-bringing and healing power.

ANOTHER LAST PLAY, *The Winter's Tale*, repeats the theme of the bringing to life of a woman apparently dead. And in the case of Paulina and the supposed statue of Hermione, Shakespeare makes what appears to me to be a most pointed and precise allusion to deep Hermetic magic.

Let us think again of that strange scene.[9] Hermione is believed by her husband to have died long ago. Paulina says that she has a statue of her which is a remarkable likeness. She shows this supposed statue to the King and the assembled court. "O royal piece", cries the King, "there's magic in thy majesty." Paulina claims that she can, if the King wills it, make the statue "move indeed, descend, and take you by the hand." But then, she adds, "you'll think . . . I am assisted by wicked powers." The King urges her to try her art. Paulina commands all to stand still, but those who think she is about unlawful business, let them depart. "Proceed", commands the King. "No foot shall stir." Thus authorised to do magic which some may think unlawful, Paulina orders music to sound, and adjures the supposed statue to descend. The statue comes to life, being, of course, really the living Hermione.

Thus Paulina did not really do magic in breathing life into a dead image, for the statue was a living woman (just as Cerimon's magical medical skill revived a woman who was not really dead). Nevertheless, Shakespeare undoubtedly alludes to magic in this scene, and, I believe, to a particular kind of magic.

AS IS NOW WELL KNOWN, the writings attributed to the supposed "Hermes Trismegistus" had an immense influence in the Renaissance and were associated with Neoplatonism as the Hermetic core of that movement. Of the writings supposedly by Hermes Trismegistus, some teach a vaguely pious "religion of the world" but some are overtly magical, particularly the *Asclepius*, the dialogue in which Hermes describes the religious magic through which the ancient Egyptian priests were supposed to infuse life into the statues of their gods, by various rites and practices, including musical accompaniment.[10] Many Renaissance admirers of Hermes as a religious philosopher excluded the *Asclepius* from the Hermetic canon because of disapproval of the magic.[11] But an all-out religious Hermetist, such as Giordano Bruno, includes the magic of the *Asclepius* as a basic part of his message, the announcement of a coming magical-religious reform in which the world will return to a lost better state. Bruno's preaching of this magical-religious mission, in his Italian dialogues published in England, is full of echoes of the god-making passage in the *Asclepius*, interpreted as a profound understanding of nature, and of the divine in nature.[12]

[6] *Pericles*, p. 95–6.
[7] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment* (1972), pp. 44, 243, etc.
[8] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, p. 41.
[9] *The Winter's Tale*, V, iii.
[10] *Giordano Bruno*, pp. 35–40.
[11] D. P. Walker, *Spiritual and Demonic Magic* (Warburg Institute, 1947; Kraus Reprint, 1967), pp. 164–70; *Giordano Bruno*, pp. 169 ff.
[12] *Giordano Bruno*, pp. 211 ff.

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It seems obvious, though I do not think that this has ever been pointed out, that Shakespeare is alluding, in the scene of Paulina and the statue, to the famous god-making passage in the *Asclepius*. The audience is warned that something deeply magical is afoot which some may think unlawful. "Proceed", commands the King. How does Shakespeare intend the allusion to be taken? Does he use the Hermetic life-infusing magic as a metaphor of the artistic process?

Here we become involved in deep debate, which I leave on one side. Let us rest content, for the moment, with the probability that Shakespeare knew the god-making passage in the *Asclepius* and regarded it as in some way profoundly important. The bringing to life of Hermione is in fact the core of the message of the play, the return to life of a lost and banished goodness and virtue.

The return of Hermetic or "Egyptian" magical religion involves, in the Hermetic texts and in Giordano Bruno's interpretation of them, the return of moral law, the banishment of vice, the renewal of all good things, a holy and most solemn restoration of nature herself.[13] There is perhaps something of this magical religious and moral philosophy in the profundities about "nature" in *The Winter's Tale*. The episode of Paulina's daring magic, with its allusion to the magical statues of the *Asclepius*, may thus be a key to the meaning of the play as an expression of one of the deepest currents of Renaissance magical philosophy of nature.

WE REMEMBER, TOO, the mysterious aspects of *Cymbeline*, its moments of revelation interpreted by the soothsayer who bears the significant name of "Philarmonus." The central mystery of the cave in *Cymbeline* is only partly explained by reference to the scenes of Prince Henry's masques and the coming to life of the Lady Chivalry and the magician Merlin in a cave setting in those shows. There is some further hidden, or esoteric, meaning in the cave which makes one wonder whether Rosicrucian symbolism, or something like it, might already have been current before the actual publication of the Rosicrucian manifestos. The central symbol of the *Fama* is the vault or cave in which something long lost is found, the tomb of Christian Rosencreutz which was accidentally discovered in a vault (according to the fiction recounted in the *Fama*) and the opening of which was the signal for the revival of the Rosicrucian Order.[14] The revived chivalrous magic of *Cymbeline* leads in due course to a vast religious peace, an outpouring of new religious revelation in which all discord is harmonised.

When these themes are translated into actual history in *Henry VIII*, we have the solution of old religious quarrels in the sympathetic treatment of both Catholic and Protestant goodness. The magical atmosphere is present, represented particularly by the Orphic singing, perhaps reminiscent of those efforts towards religious reconciliation through the cultivation of incantatory singing, as practised in Baïf's Academy of Poetry and Music.

FINALLY WE COME TO the Last Play which is the supreme expression of the magical philosophy of the Last Plays, *The Tempest*, the play which everyone knows.

First, let us consider the textual history of *The Tempest*.[15] Like all Last Plays, except *Pericles* and *Henry VIII*, it seems to have had a first appearance around 1610–11, or at least a play called *The Tempest* was performed at court in 1611. Unlike *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* it was apparently not seen by Simon Forman at about that time, so we do not have his plot summary to compare with the play as we have it. Like *The Winter's Tale*, it was one of the plays by Shakespeare which were performed by the King's Men before Princess Elizabeth and her betrothed in 1612. Like all Last Plays except *Pericles* it was first printed in the First Folio of 1623 where it is the first play in that famous volume.

Thus the history of *The Tempest* follows the familiar pattern, and there is room for an earlier version of the play to have been revised to suit performance before Princess Elizabeth and the Palatine. This has in fact been suggested in critical discussions of the play, summed up by Frank Kermode in his introduction to the Arden edition, where it is pointed out that the masque in the play, which is evidently a nuptial masque, was perhaps added to an earlier version to make it suitable for performance before the princely pair.[16] Thus, *The Tempest*, as we have it, would enter that atmosphere of masque and pageantry surrounding the wedding of Princess Elizabeth which is

[13] These are the actual words of "Hermes" in the *Asclepius*; see *Giordano Bruno*, pp. 39–40, 214–15.
[14] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, pp. 44, 245–8.
[15] *The Tempest* (ed. Kermode, Arden edition paperback, 1954), Introduction, pp. xi ff.
[16] *The Tempest*, pp. xxi–xxiv.

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central for the understanding of *Cymbeline* and which Foakes has detected in *Henry VIII*. I would further suggest that the emphasis on chastity before marriage in *The Tempest*, where it is so marked a feature of Prospero's advice to the young prince,[17] should be compared with the treatment of the same theme in *Philaster*,[18] the play by Beaumont and Fletcher performed before Elizabeth and the Palatine at the same time, in which the overtures made before marriage to his betrothed by the Spanish prince seem to be a mark of the impurity of a Spanish match. Prospero is perhaps emphasising that his daughter is *not* making a Spanish match.

The themes of *The Tempest* connect with the Last Play themes as a whole. There is a young generation, Ferdinand and Miranda, the very young princely pair, and an older generation, Prospero and his contemporaries, divided by bitter wrongs and quarrels but brought together at the end in the magical atmosphere of reconciliation. *The Tempest* fits very well into our general historical approach to Last Plays with its argument that these "reconciliation through a younger generation" themes belong to an actual historical situation in which Prince Henry and his sister were seen as hopeful figures of this kind. Prince Henry being now dead, only a daughter and her lover represent the young generation in *The Tempest*. Miranda has no brother. Nor indeed have Perdita or Marina. Only Imogen has brothers, and *Cymbeline* was not performed after the death of Prince Henry and before Frederick and Elizabeth, as were *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*.

WE HAVE NOW TO THINK about magic in *The Tempest*. What kind of magic is it? This is a problem which has been considerably discussed in recent years, and I am not bringing forward any very new or startling discovery in observing that Prospero, as a magus, appears to work on the lines indicated in that well-known textbook of Renaissance magic, the *De occulta philosophia* of Henry Cornelius Agrippa. Professor Kermode was a pioneer in pointing to Agrippa as a power behind Prospero's art in his introduction to *The Tempest* in the Arden edition, first published in 1954. Prospero as a magus, says Kermode, exercises a discipline of virtuous knowledge; his art is the achievement of

> "an intellect pure and conjoined with the powers of the gods without which [and this is direct quotation by Kermode from Agrippa] we shall never happily ascend to the scrutiny of secret things, and to the power of wonderful workings."[19]

In short, Prospero has learned that "occult philosophy" which Agrippa taught and knows how to put it into practice. Moreover, like Agrippa, Shakespeare makes very clear in *The Tempest* how utterly different is the high intellectual and virtuous magic of the true magus from low and filthy witchcraft and sorcery. Prospero is poles apart from the witch Sycorax and her evil son. Indeed, Prospero as the good magus has a reforming mission; he clears the world of his island from the evil magic of the witch; he rewards the good characters and punishes the wicked. He is a just judge, or a virtuous and reforming monarch, who uses his magico-scientific powers for good. The triumph of a liberal and Protestant Reformation in *Henry VIII* has its counterpart in *The Tempest* in the triumph of a reforming magus in the dream world of the magical island.

PROSPERO'S MAGIC is then a good magic, a reforming magic. But what exactly is the intellectual structure or system within which his magic works? Here we have to turn to Agrippa's definitions which can be simplified, rather drastically, as follows.

The universe is divided into three worlds: the elemental world of terrestrial nature; the celestial world of the stars; the supercelestial world of the spirits of intelligences or angels. Natural magic operates in the elemental world; celestial magic operates in the world of the stars; and there is a highest, religious, magic which operates in the supercelestial world. The lofty religious magus can conjure spirits or intelligences to his aid.[20] The enemies of this kind of magic called it diabolical conjuring, and indeed the pious believers in it were always aware of the danger of conjuring up evil spirits, or demons, instead of angels. Prospero has the conjuring power, and he performs his operations through the spirit, Ariel, whom he conjures. Of the two branches, Magia and Cabala, set out in Agrippa's handbook of Renaissance magic, Prospero would seem to use mainly the Cabalistic conjuring magic, rather than the healing magic of Cerimon, or the profound natural magic which pervades *The Winter's Tale*.

[17] *The Tempest*, IV, i, 13–34.
[18] *Philaster*, I, ii, 195–205.
[19] *The Tempest*, ed. Kermode, Introduction, p. xlviii.
[20] *Giordano Bruno*, p. 131.

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IT IS INEVITABLE and unavoidable in thinking of Prospero to bring in the name of John Dee, the great mathematical magus of whom Shakespeare must have known, the teacher of Philip Sidney, and deeply in the confidence of Queen Elizabeth I. In his famous preface to Euclid of 1570, which became the Bible of the rising generations of Elizabethan scientists and mathematicians, Dee sets out (following Agrippa) the theory of the three worlds, emphasising (as does Agrippa) that through all the three worlds there runs, as the connecting link, number.[21] If I may paraphrase what I have myself said elsewhere Dee was in his own right a brilliant mathematician, and he related his study of number to the three worlds of the Cabalists. In the lower elemental world, he studied number as technology and applied science. In the celestial world his study of number was related to astrology and alchemy. And in the supercelestial world, Dee believed that he had found the secret of conjuring spirits by numerical computations in the tradition of Trithemius and Agrippa.[22] Dee's type of science can be classified as "Rosicrucian", using this word, as I have suggested that it can be used,[23] to designate a stage in the history of the magico-scientific tradition which is intermediate between the Renaissance and the 17th century.

The commanding figure of Prospero represents precisely that Rosicrucian stage. We see him as a conjuror in the play, but the knowledge of such a Dee-like figure would have included mathematics developing into science, and particularly the science of navigation in which Dee was proficient[24] and in which he instructed the great mariners of the Elizabethan age.

Now, if the first version of *The Tempest* appeared around 1611, the date at which Shakespeare chose to glorify a Dee-like magus is significant. For Dee had fallen into deep disfavour after his return from his mysterious continental mission in 1589, and he was completely cast off by James I after his accession. When the old Elizabethan magus appealed to James in 1604 for help in clearing his reputation from charges of conjuring devils, James would have nothing to do with him, in spite of his earnest protests that his art and science were good and virtuous and that he had no commerce with evil spirits.[25] The old man to whose scientific learning the Elizabethan age had been so deeply indebted was disgraced in the reign of James and died in great poverty in 1608.

SEEN IN THE CONTEXT of these events, Shakespeare's presentation of a scientific magus in an extremely favourable light takes on a new significance. Prospero is far from diabolic; on the contrary, he is the virtuous opponent of evil sorcery, the noble and benevolent ruler who uses his magico-scientific knowledge for good ends. Prospero might be a vindication of Dee, a reply to the censure of James. And the contemporary scientists and mathematicians who were working in the Dee tradition were to be found not in the circle of the King, but in that of his son, Prince Henry. The Prince was eager to build up a navy, as Dee used to advise Elizabeth to do, and he patronised and encouraged scientific experts like William Petty who built for him his great ship, the *Royal Prince*. Mathematicians and navigators of the Elizabethan age, Walter Raleigh and his friend Thomas Hariot, were imprisoned by James in the Tower, but were encouraged by Prince Henry. Thus here the line of enquiry which seeks to establish that Shakespeare's Last Plays belong in the atmosphere and aspirations surrounding the younger royal generation makes contact with this other line of enquiry into the magico-philosophical influences in the plays. Prospero, the magus as scientist, would belong with Prince Henry and his interests, and not with those of his unscientific father with his superstitious dread of magic.

THUS I AM SUGGESTING new contexts in which to see *The Tempest*. This play is not an isolated phenomenon but one of the Last Plays, and other Last Plays breathe the atmosphere of learned magic, the medical magic of Cerimon in *Pericles*, the deep Hermetic magic of *The Winter's Tale*, the incantatory singing of *Henry VIII*. All such magics connect with one another and belong to the late period of Renaissance magic. *The Tempest* would be one of the supreme expressions of that vitally important phase in the history of the European mind, the phase which borders on, and presages, the so-

[21] *Theatre of the World* (1969), p. 21.
[22] *Giordano Bruno*, pp. 148–50; *Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, p. xii.
[23] "The Hermetic Tradition in Renaissance Science" in *Art, Science, and History in the Renaissance* (ed. Singleton, Baltimore, 1968), p. 263; *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, pp. 220 ff.
[24] *Theatre of the World*, p. 29; Peter French, *John Dee* (London, 1972), pp. 171–2.
[25] French, *John Dee*, p. 10.

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called scientific revolution of the 17th century. Prospero is so clearly the magus as scientist, able to operate scientifically within his world view, which includes areas of operation not recognised by science proper.

There is also, and this is very important, the element of moral reform in Prospero's outlook and aims, the element of Utopia, an essential feature of the scientific outlook of the Rosicrucian period, in which it was seen to be necessary to situate the developing magico-scientific knowledge within a reformed society,[26] a society broadened by new moral insights to accept the broadening stream of knowledge. Prospero as scientist is also Prospero the moral reformer, bent on freeing the world of his island from evil influences.

Finally, we should see *The Tempest* in the context of *Henry VIII*, in which the reforming conciliatory themes of the Last Plays are presented through real historical personages. Henry VIII is seen as the monarch of the Tudor imperial reform, casting out vices in the person of Wolsey, and presenting a Reformation, originally Protestant, but in which the old hardness and intolerance has been done away in an atmosphere of love and reconciliation.

From these various lines of approach, *The Tempest* would now appear as the corner-stone of the total edifice of the Last Plays, the play presenting a philosophy which connects with all their themes and reflects a movement, or a phase, which can now be more or less identified among the currents of European intellectual and religious history. It is the Rosicrucian movement, which was to be given open expression in the manifestos published in Germany in 1614 and 1615.

IN MY BOOK *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, I have argued that this movement was connected with the currents stirring around the Elector Palatine and his wife. These were ostensibly Protestant, as befitted the head of the Union of German Protestant Princes, but drew on Paracelsist alchemy and other Hermetic influences for spiritual nourishment. The manifestos envisage a general moral and religious reform of the whole world. These strange hopes were to be extinguished in utter disaster, with the brief reign in Prague in 1619–20 of the "Winter King and Queen" and the subsequent total defeat and exile of the unfortunate pair. Thus ended in ignominy and confusion the movement which had been building up around them in London, a movement very much weakened by the death of Prince Henry. Not only their own party in England but many in Europe had fixed their hopes on these two. And it would be wrong to say that all came to an end with the disaster, for the movement lived on, taking other forms, and leading eventually to important developments.

Shakespeare has often been derided for his absurd geographical error in giving a "sea coast" to Bohemia in *The Winter's Tale*, but may his object have been to provide a setting for the frightful storm in which the infant Princess arrives in Bohemia? Shakespeare took the name "Bohemia" from Greene's novel, *Pandosto*, the plot of which he was adapting.[27] Yet there is something strangely prophetic in his choice of a story about Bohemia, foreshadowing the terrible tempest of the Thirty Years' War which would break out in Bohemia following the shipwreck of the Winter King and Queen. Is it possible that Shakespeare may have known more of what was going on in Bohemia than do critics of his geographical ignorance? Might he, for example, have had some contact with Michael Maier, Paracelsist doctor and Rosicrucian, who was moving between Prague and London in the early years of the century, linking movements in England with movements in Germany and Bohemia?[28]

A MAIN FEATURE of the "new approach" to Shakespeare's Last Plays presented here has been the argument that the hopes of a younger generation which the plays seem to express may allude to hopes in relation to a real historical generation, Prince Henry, and, after his death, Princess Elizabeth and her husband. Taken at its face value, this argument would amount to yet another "topical allusion" detected in the plays, a type of investigation which has been very much used and abused. Even if the topical allusion to the younger royal generation is fairly substantially based, what does it amount to in relation to Shakespeare's genius, to the understanding of his mind and art?

[26] In one of the Rosicrucian manifestos, the movement is described as a "General Reformation of the Whole Wide World"; see *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, pp. 42, 133 ff.

[27] *The Winter's Tale* (ed. J. H. P. Pafford, Arden edition paperback, 1965), Introduction, pp. xxvii–xxxiii.

[28] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, pp. 81–2, 87–90.

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Topical-allusion hunting for its own sake is but an empty sport unless it can open doors to new approaches to matters more profound.

And it is precisely this, or so I believe, that this topical allusion can do. The other new approach attempted has been to the thought of the Last Plays, to the philosophy of nature with religious and reforming undercurrents, with association with scientific movements of the kind propagated by John Dee, with spiritual and mental enlightenment. And it is just such a movement as this which seems to have been associated in German circles with the Elector Palatine and with his disastrous Bohemian enterprise.

The German Rosicrucian movement was certainly not newly invented in connection with the Elector Palatine and his wife. It was something already in existence with which they, or the movement associated with them, became somehow involved. There are various influences from England on the movement which I have tried to bring out in my book, influences from Philip Sidney's mission to Germany and to the imperial court, influences from visits of the Knights of the Garter, influences from John Dee's sojourn in Bohemia. The second Rosicrucian manifesto of 1615 has included in it a discourse on secret philosophy which is based on Dee's *Monas hieroglyphica*.[29] The works of the Englishman, Robert Fludd, a leading exponent of Rosicrucian philosophy, were published at Oppenheim, a town in the territory of the Elector Palatine.[30] And, most curious of all from the theatrical point of view, there appears to have been an influence of English actors, or of plays acted by travelling English actors in Germany, on the ideas and modes of expression of the Rosicrucian publications.

THE MAN KNOWN TO BE BEHIND the movement, Johann Valentin Andreae, states in his autobiography that in his youth, around 1604, he wrote plays in imitation of English comedians,[31] and at about the same time he wrote the first version of his strange work, *The Chemical Wedding of Christian Rosencreutz*, first published, in German, in 1616. This is a mystical romance reflecting ceremonial of orders of chivalry in a setting which I believe I have identified as the castle and gardens of the Elector Palatine at Heidelberg,[32] reflecting his court there and the presence in it of his English wife, the Princess Elizabeth. Andreae's style in all his writings is dramatic, infused with theatrical influences. The story of Christian Rosencreutz and his Order, told in the manifestos (which were not actually written by Andreae though inspired by him)[33] is said to be a fiction or a play. And the mysterious doings in the castle grounds in *The Chemical Wedding* include a play, the plot of which is given as follows (I quote from the résumé of it in my book):[34]

> On the sea shore, an old king found an infant in a chest washed up by the waves: an accompanying letter explained that the King of the Moors had seized the child's country. In the following acts, the Moor appeared and captured the infant, now grown into a young woman. She was rescued by the old king's son and betrothed to him, but fell again into the Moor's power. She was finally rescued again but a very wicked priest had to be got out of the way. . . . When his power was broken the wedding could take place. Bride and bridegroom appeared in great splendour and all joined in a Song of Love:
>
> *This time full of love*
> *Does our joy much approve. . . .*

The plot reminds one of the plots of Last Plays, with shipwrecked infants who grow up to have adventures in which evil influences are surmounted, stories reflecting a passage of time from an older generation to a younger, and ending in general love and reconciliation. And, if I am right in my suggestions, this play described in *The Chemical Wedding* is supposed to be enacted in a setting reflecting the court of the Elector Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth at Heidelberg. It is as though Shakespearean dramatic influences in London at the time of their wedding were being reflected back to them through a mystical haze. The extremely simple plot of the comedy

[29] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, pp. 46–7. The influence of Dee on the German Rosicrucian movement is further attested by the appearance of his "Monas" sign in *The Chemical Wedding*, see *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, pp. 39, 61 and Pl. 19.

[30] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, Chapter VI, pp. 70 ff.

[31] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, p. 31.

[32] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, pp. 66–9.

[33] Since publishing *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, I have come across a reference in the works of Leibniz stating that he (Leibniz) has been told that the Rosicrucian manifestos were written by Joachim Jungius (Leibniz, *Samtliche Schriften und Briefe, Philosophische Schriften* I, ed. P. Ritter, 1930, p. 275). This confirms the conjecture in *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, pp. 91–2.

[34] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, p. 63. A facsimile reprint of E. Foxcroft's English translation of the *Chymische Hochzeit* has now been published by John Warwick Montgomery, *Cross and Crucible*, The Hague, 1973, Vol. II. The passage about the plays is on pp. 408–10 (pp. 111–19 of the facsimile). Montgomery's determination to prove that Andreae was an "orthodox Lutheran" somewhat mars his volumes for the historian of ideas.

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described in *The Chemical Wedding* is punctuated by Biblical allusions, as though the fiction had some reference to the religious problems of the day.

THIS IS ONLY ONE EXAMPLE of the curious reflections of plays, perhaps of plays staged by English players in Germany, in the German Rosicrucian literature. Was there some connection between players and Rosicrucian ideas? Ought we to look for light on Shakespeare in these directions? Did the Last Plays deliver a message the meaning of which we have lost? Are the connections between the Last Plays and the new generation of Prince Henry and his sister much more than topical allusions in the ordinary sense? Might they introduce us to ways of unravelling Shakespeare's position in the religious, intellectual, magical, political, theatrical movements of his time? Or, more than that, might they help us to penetrate to Shakespeare's inner religious experiences?

A French writer who has made a study of the Rosicrucian literature in relation to Shakespeare thinks that *The Chemical Wedding* reflects rituals of initiation through enaction of the mystery of death. He believes that some of Shakespeare's plays—he mentions particularly Imogen's death-like sleep and resurrection in *Cymbeline*—reflect such experiences, conveyed through esoteric allusion in the imagery.[35] He sees influences of "spiritual alchemy" in the imagery of *Cymbeline*. The Rosicrucian method of using the play or the fiction as the vehicle through which to indicate an esoteric meaning would also be Shakespeare's method. I mention Arnold's book here not because I think it reliable as a whole, or in detail (it is not), but because the general drift of his comparative study of Rosicrucian literature and of Shakespeare may not be altogether wide of the mark.

SHAKESPEARE DIED in 1616 and so did not live to hear the news of the events of 1620, the defeat at the Battle of the White Mountain, the flight of the Winter King and Queen of Bohemia, the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. Perhaps that was the terrible storm which he prophetically dreaded.

[35] Paul Arnold, *Esotérisme de Shakespeare* (Paris, 1955), pp. 177–200.
[36] *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, pp. 103 ff.

IT IS STRANGE that Shakespearean scholarship seems to have paid so much more attention to the biographical, the literary, or the critical aspects of its vast subject than to investigating Shakespeare's work in relation to the thought movements of his age. It is perhaps time that it should break out of the limits it has imposed on itself and begin to ask new questions. Even very familiar topics might appear in a new light if approached from new angles. I will give one example.

In 1623, Shakespeare's fellow-actors published that famous volume, the First Folio edition of his plays. *The Tempest* is the first play in the volume, which is dedicated to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and his brother. We all know how this dedication has been worn threadbare by eager detectives pursuing clues to Shakespeare's personal history, but other questions might be asked about the First Folio. What was the attitude of its dedicatees to events and movements of the times? Pembroke and his brother had taken a conspicuous part in urging most strongly the support of the King and Queen of Bohemia in the great crisis of their lives, a support which was not forthcoming from James I. And one might also take into account the fact that, after their defeat and the collapse of their movement, violent propaganda was made against imaginary "Rosicrucians" as diabolical "conjurors." The scare about Rosicrucians was in full swing in Paris in 1623,[36] the year in which Heminges and Condell fearlessly placed *The Tempest* in the forefront of their collection of Shakespeare's plays. I suggest that inquiries along these lines about the First Folio and its dedicatees might be rewarding, because they might be historically related to contemporary events and movements.

LET US NOW LOOK BACK over the ground that has been traversed and attempt a summing up. Basically, the approach to Shakespeare has been historical, using history, not only in the literal sense of history of events, but in the sense of history of ideas as involved in history and expressed in imagery.

The time chosen has been roughly restricted to the last years of Shakespeare's working life, and we have asked ourselves what were the historical events and situations which were of urgent importance in those years, and what was the imagery in which they were expressed. We have found that there was in those years a revival of

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Elizabethan traditions, centred on the younger royal generation, on Prince Henry and his sister. With this Elizabethan revival within the Jacobean age we have sought to connect Shakespeare's Last Plays, suggesting that in these plays he looks back to the inspirations of his youth and finds them, or hopes to find them, born anew in the younger generation. The working out of this suggestion involved, first of all, an examination of Prince Henry's ideas and circle and the discussion of what the Prince stood for in the wider field of European affairs and in the general European situation of Europe on the eve of the Thirty Years' War. We have found that Prince Henry held an important position in those years as a potential leader of European opposition to Spanish aggression. This was a stand rather different from that of his father, though it was presented in the same imagery, namely in a revival of the Tudor myth, now applied to the Stuarts, of the descent from the Trojan Brut and all that that involved in an accompanying panoply of revived Protestant chivalry of the age of Elizabeth. The interpretation of *Cymbeline* presented that play as a new formulation of Tudor British mythology, now applied to James and his children, and with enthusiastic approval of the Protestant wedding of Princess Elizabeth. *Cymbeline* therefore now comes out as the application of the Tudor mythology to the Stuarts by an old Elizabethan.

Such a revival included a return to the theology of John Foxe and his presentation of imperial reform, expressed in a modified and liberalised form in the Last Play of *Henry VIII*, and a return to the ideals of Philip Sidney, as romantically veiled in the *Arcadia*, which strongly influence *The Winter's Tale* and other Last Plays. And it involved a revival of respect for the Elizabethan type of magus, such as John Dee, and the presentation in *The Tempest* of the traditions of Renaissance magic, now transforming in the new age towards Rosicrucianism. The Elizabethan revival, when transported into Germany, would seem to coincide with German Rosicrucianism, and it is one of the most fascinating aspects of the Last Plays, as now interpreted, that they seem to be anticipating in England, and before the departure of Princess Elizabeth to Germany, modes of thought and feeling later to be called Rosicrucian. Or were the two movements simultaneous? That is to say, does the rising Rosicrucian movement in Germany, the influence on which of Sidney, Dee, Bruno, I have suggested in my book, parallel and influence Shakespeare's development in the Last Plays?

The new approach is thus really only a raising of new questions, but they are questions which might eventually be answered through the direction of Shakespearean research into new channels. We need intensive study of the neglected Prince Henry, his circle, and all that he stood for. This would include pursuit of the German contacts of Prince Henry, for example, Maurice, Landgrave of Hesse. The Landgrave's intensely anglophile court in the early years of the 17th century might surely show traces, if not of Shakespeare himself, of a Shakespearean type of approach to contemporary issues, and there is much unpublished documentary material in Germany about the court of Maurice of Hesse. It is possible that such researches might throw light on what may have been the role of English actors in Germany. Perhaps they were more than merely out-of-work actors seeking to scrape abroad the living that they could not make at home. Perhaps they were bearers and disseminators of the late Elizabethan Renaissance, and of Shakespearean ideas and ideals. The major European figure who is closest to Shakespeare is Goethe, and the Shakespearean influence on Goethe, and on the German romantic movement generally, may ultimately derive from organic connections developed in the earliest years of the 17th century.

THUS THE NEW APPROACH to Shakespeare's Last Plays is a beginning, not an end. Nothing has been fully solved by these inquiries, which raise new questions rather than answering old ones. They are but indications of new paths which might be followed, new ways which might be taken, by the Shakespearean scholars of the future, which might —in course of time and after much future labour —lead to a clearer understanding of where this towering figure of William Shakespeare stands in the history of European thought and religion.

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Tim Congdon

Are We Really All Keynesians Now?

Some Dangerous Theoretical Illusions

TRIBAL WARFARE is not the most attractive feature of contemporary economics, but it is much the most exciting. A BBC2 "Controversy" programme on inflation in September last year had much to recommend it as a sporting occasion. But the vigour of debate occasionally makes it less careful and precise; distinguished economists become misled by their own slogans and tend to assert glibly what they know should be argued cautiously. One particular vice is the habit of attaching a brand-name to a school of thought, not with the intention of designating a common theme, but with that of heightening rhetorical impact. It is right to be suspicious of this tendency because it conveys a possibly spurious impression of unanimity, of a confederation of intellects, which can persuade non-participants in the debate by sheer force of numbers. But there can be a still more serious reason for distrust. When the confederation becomes known by a special name there is a danger that the name can give a distorted idea of the quality of its intellectual weaponry. The danger is greatest when the name used is that of a much revered warrior, now dead, who achieved a number of famous victories in his lifetime.

In economics, the revered warrior in all confrontations is still John Maynard Keynes. A quote from Keynes, no matter how slight and trivial, appears to silence opposition. It has the same force as an appendix of mathematical reasoning or a half-dozen learned articles. It can be a powerful blow in debate and, indeed, it can sometimes serve as a substitute for thought. It is important, therefore, to examine carefully the credentials of any group which calls itself "Keynesian." At present the Keynesian label has been attached to a body of economists in England, principally from Cambridge University, who have certain special views on the problem of inflation control.[1]

In choosing this label they have—or believe they have—a great advantage. It is a commonplace that Keynes was worried above all by the depression of the 1930s and the attendant un-

THIS *article continues our discussion of fundamental problems in contemporary economic theory. See also in* ENCOUNTER *E. J. Mishan, "The New Inflation" (May 1974), H. V. Hodson, "Re-reading Keynes's General Theory" (February 1973) and Harry G. Johnson, "Revolution & Counter-Revolution in Economics" (April 1971). Tim Congdon was educated at St John's College and Nuffield College, Oxford. He is an economic journalist on "The Times Business News."*

[1] The best-known Keynesians in this country are Sir Roy Harrod, Lord Kahn and Joan Robinson. Lord Kahn and Mrs Robinson have stayed at Cambridge, but Sir Roy Harrod has taught at Oxford for most of his academic career. Although Cambridge is the centre of Keynesianism many economists in universities throughout England would profess themselves as Keynesians; and it is, perhaps, slightly misleading to locate it too precisely in geographical terms.

Throughout the article Keynesianism will mean the body of beliefs of this group of economists and Keynesians will be these economists. A distinction will, therefore, be drawn between Keynesian economics and Keynes' economics.

A similar distinction is to be found in A. Leijonhufvud's *On Keynesian Economics and the Economics of Keynes* (1968), although Leijonhufvud is concerned with the whole body of Keynes' economics whereas I am only interested in his work on inflation.

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employment, and that his work on inflation was insubstantial and can be neglected. The Keynesians therefore have freedom to propound their own views as those of Keynes—and it amounts to a licence to counterfeit his intellectual coinage.

IN FACT, IT IS NOT TRUE that Keynes was uninterested in inflation. He lived through the most rapid inflation of the 20th century: that between 1914 and 1920, which ravaged the British financial system and devastated the currencies of most European countries. His writings on inflation are extensive. It is possible, then, to examine the consistency of modern Keynesian views on inflation with Keynes's own position. It emerges that several leading strands in Keynesian thought cannot be said to have their origins in Keynes's work. The claim that there is a close correspondence between the two is based on a myth—a myth which has been carefully nurtured by a number of English economists who collaborated with Keynes in the 1930s, but who have outlived him and have propagated an influential, but spurious, oral tradition.

Tribes, even tribes of economists, need myths. They are a form of emotional nourishment, a sort of spiritual subsistence level. It is important that this particular myth be exploded.

IT MAY HELP THE ARGUMENT ALONG if a summary of the Keynesian position is provided. I hope that this summary does justice to Keynesian thought, despite the obvious and unavoidable danger that, by highlighting its central elements, its variety and subtlety will not be sufficiently acknowledged.

The inflationary process is seen as basically a question of "cost-push." There are a number of forces which are said to raise costs of production throughout the economy. Prices are then raised in response to preserve profit mark-ups.

This cost-push process has to be contrasted with "excess demand" explanations of inflation, in which the causes are said to be too much demand for labour (which, *then*, raises wages and costs) and goods (which enables firms to raise prices without fearing loss of business).

The initial impulse behind the cost-push process comes from the trade unions. The Keynesians are somewhat ambivalent in their attitude to the union movement, because it is regarded as both the cause of a self-defeating jostling between different groups for a higher share of the national cake (which they deplore) and the agent of income redistribution in favour of the lower classes (which they applaud). An insistence on the villainy of the trade unions is, however, common to all the Keynesians in some form or other.

At the one extreme there is Lord Balogh who is outspoken and unhesitating in his condemnation. Others are more reserved. Dr Roger Opie, in his contribution to a new book on *Keynes: Aspects of the Man and his Work* (based on the first Keynes seminar held at the University of Kent in 1972), attributes their behaviour to the economic context in which they operate. It is, he says,

> the experience of *past* high employment which has given unions the taste of power; and the combination of organised labour and oligopolised industry which has given them the opportunity to exercise it without limit.[2]

Professor Joan Robinson recognises the conflict between the public aims of the labour movement as a whole and the private, self-interested objectives of the individual union. Although the vicious inflationary spiral caused by wage bargaining "does no good to the workers", nevertheless "it remains the duty of each Trade Union individually to look after the interests of its own members individually."[3]

Accompanying this hostility, open or disguised, to the trade unions, is a set of beliefs about the operation of the labour market. Wages are set, not by demand and supply, but by bargaining. Workers do not move from industry to industry and from firm to firm in response to the incentives of better pay and prospects. The labour market is characterised by rigidities and imperfections, and wage-determination takes place in an environment of "countervailing power," without respect for fairness or for social justice.

The imperfections in the labour market are matched by imperfections in the production and supply of goods. Opie's reference to "oligopolised industry" is typical. Occasionally even the retailers have to take their share of the blame. As Sir Roy Harrod puts it, the distributors are "sometimes up to a little mischief."

In short, "the core" of cost-push inflation is the conflict between "managers, trade unionists, and the non-unionised" as they "all struggle endlessly to increase or at least preserve their share of the national product." The timing and

[2] Roger Opie, "The Political Consequences of Lord Keynes", in D. E. Moggridge (ed.), *Keynes: Aspects of the Man and his Work* (Macmillan Press, 1974), p. 87.
[3] Joan Robinson, *Economic Philosophy* (1962), p. 131.

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John Maynard Keynes on Inflation (1920)

1. THE OLD ARGUMENTS in favour of dear money no longer hold in their entirety because a high bank rate has no *immediate* effect on the exchanges either by influencing the volume of bills offered for discount in London or by influencing the flow of gold.

2. It is also true that a moderate increase of bank rate may have very little salutary effect indeed and may merely make government borrowing dearer without deterring other borrowers. This will be especially the case if there is a wide discrepancy between what may be described as the official rate for money and its real value. Increases in the official rate, unless they have brought the official rate approximately to the real rate, may be without much influence.

3. As bankers can in the present circumstances always obtain a sufficient basis for credit expansion by liquidating their holdings of Treasury Bills and thus increasing their balances at the Bank of England, there are only two possible means of checking credit inflation, namely by dear money or by a policy of discrimination.

4. DISCRIMINATION *is not likely to be effective because it is precisely unexceptionable proposals from bankers' customers that it is necessary to stop, that is to say, proposals for expansion by prosperous well-conducted businesses, whose order books are full and who therefore feel disposed to increase their works. Discrimination against speculation and obviously dubious enterprises will not be nearly enough. Nor can a policy of discrimination be effective unless it is reinforced by the imposition of all the other war-time bureaucratic controls over new issues, foreign investments and the remittance of money abroad. In short, discrimination, in order to be effective, presumes a very high degree of socialisation of our whole industrial structure, so far as it concerns the supply of capital. It is doubtful if either Whitehall or Lombard Street is equipped at the present time to direct such socialisation of capital to industry wisely or efficiently. If this view is accepted, the only alternative is to select borrowers by their willingness to pay a high rate.*

5. *If matters are left as they are, inflation will certainly proceed with its existing impetus until a much higher price level has been established with all the social unrest and other inconvenient consequences which that will bring with it.*

6. *With the rate for money in New York from 2 to 3% in excess of the London rate, London is much the cheapest market to borrow. The danger of our exchanges now lies not in the risk of London lending to untrustworthy borrowers, but to her lending money she has not got to borrowers of unexceptionable character at a rate far below the real value of new capital.*

7. *It is therefore a policy of despair to proceed as at present even if it be true that dear money may check trade.*

8. *Dear money will do good by checking bankers' loans, diminishing foreign loans and, not least, by bringing the mind of the business world to a better realisation of the true position.*

9. *As a result of rising prices profits in trade are now so high that money may have to be made very dear before the necessary results are achieved. This fact has to be faced and a rate of even 10% must be contemplated.*

10. SUCH A VERY HIGH RATE *might produce a crisis, though this crisis might, unlike its predecessors, be only financial and not commercial. That is to say, it would not in the present flourishing condition of trade proceed so far as to cause any serious amount of unemployment. It might prevent our staple industries from having twice as many orders as they can fulfil; but there is a very wide margin of safety before they would be reduced to working below their capacity.*

11. *At present real capital goods and labour are so fully employed that almost all new credit puts prices up, or puts the exchanges down, by leading the borrower either to compete with other purchasers for home products, or to buy something more from abroad.*

12. *It would also be fatal to attempt to finance the Housing scheme on an inflationist basis. In present circumstances increased building can only take place by diverting labour and materials from other employers. It is foolish to suppose that a great housing scheme can be superimposed on the present industrial solution. Money for housing cannot be created but must be taken from other purposes, which brings us back again to the dilemma of dear money or a far-reaching socialisation of the supply of capital.*

13. *As regards the exchanges it is above all necessary that money in London should be a little dearer than in New York.*

14. *The rate for money should therefore be put up to 7% and then again soon after to 8%. The results of this action would have to be watched. But as a personal opinion I should not be surprised if 10% would be required to achieve the necessary results.*

15. FINALLY VERY GRAVE ISSUES are at stake. A continuance of inflationism and high prices will not only depress the exchanges but by their effect on prices will strike at the whole basis of contract, of security, and of the capitalist system generally. The new state of affairs created by persistent inflation will only be tolerable under socialistic control and that is where the present policy, if persisted in, will necessarily lead us, before probably we are really ripe for such a development.*

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* *P.R.O. T.117/1384. Keynes's Notes of Interview with Chancellor (February 15, 1920).*

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size of the demands placed on the economy do not have a primarily economic explanation. The principal influences are, instead, social and psychological; and they operate continuously. The outcome of the distributional struggle is not determined by productivity, but by power. The crucial determinant is the strike threat.

What, then, is the answer to cost-push inflation? It is direct intervention by the government in the form of prices and incomes policies. The Keynesians are united in this, and they would appear to have convinced a majority of the academic economics profession. There are few clearer statements of support than that from Sir Roy Harrod in *Keynes: Aspects of the Man and his Work*. He writes:

> I am myself a definite advocate of what we call an "incomes policy." I believe there must be direct interference.

A prices and incomes policy serves many functions. It is, first and foremost, a weapon to fight inflation. But it is more than that. By enabling a central authority to monitor price movements it supersedes—or, at least, overrides—the monopoly bargaining power of large firms and the trade unions. It can, therefore, contribute to attempts to distribute economic rewards more fairly. It is a means of attaining social justice.[4]

What of the uses of monetary correctives? These are scorned.

> I do not think it is any good saying that banks can stop inflation—saying, let them reduce the money supply. How can the poor banks reduce the money supply? What actually happens is that wage-earners get a demand granted which must raise costs.[5]

If monetary methods were adopted they would cause unemployment and this is thought to be unacceptable. It would be the negation of Keynesianism if unemployment were the best method of fighting rising prices.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT the Keynesian position is internally consistent. If one believes that "greed" and "envy" are the causes of inflation, one is likely to be sceptical of the use of such indirect methods of control as changes in taxation and interest rates. It is much easier to legislate against greed and envy directly—by laying down statutory limitations on their effects. It is also consistent with a particular perception of reality. If monopoly is pervasive, if markets are stunted by imperfections and rigidities, it is futile to apply those remedies which work on the assumption that the economic world is competitive and responsive to supply-and-demand pressures.

But the Keynesian position is not, as we shall see, consistent with that of Keynes. It has no foundation in his written work and is not, indeed, compatible with fundamental aspects of his economic philosophy.

But surely, it might be said, the Keynesians must be basing their case on some element of Keynes's thinking. Is there any kinship between their arguments and his?

In fact, there is an assumption common to their way of thinking and the most important part of Keynes's work. It is a technical assumption, slipped into the interstices of the theoretical structure; and, for that reason, one whose significance is easily overlooked. It is the assumption throughout *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (1936) that the analysis can be conducted in terms of "wage-units."

Keynes was not concerned in his investigation of unemployment with the relationship between capital inputs and output. The vital relationships were those between employment, output, and demand. The function of the wage-unit assumption was that it enabled his analysis to focus on these relationships—"provided we assume that a given volume of effective demand has a particular distribution of this demand between different products uniquely associated with it. . . ." The wage-unit was defined as the sum of money paid to each "labour-unit" or, in effect, each worker.[6] This was a very useful assumption. Keynes could proceed to the determination of output and employment, without needing a prior theory of the determination of the money wage and without troubling himself over micro-economic minutiae. It might seem to follow that Keynes considered money wages to be given exogenously—perhaps as a result of bargaining.

The subtle effect of the wage-unit assumption on later thinking is exposed in an important new book on *The Crisis in Keynesian Economics* by Sir John Hicks. The validity of analysis conducted in wage-units turns on what Sir John

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[4] Sir Roy Harrod, "Keynes's Theory and its Applications", in D. E. Moggridge (ed.), *Keynes. . . .*, pp. 9–10; and Opie, p.86. There have been suggestions that there is such a thing as a "just price" and that "social considerations" should enter into price determination. See A. Jones, *The New Inflation* (1973), particularly chapters 5 and 6.

[5] Sir Roy Harrod in D. E. Moggridge (ed.), *Keynes. . . .*, p. 9.

[6] J. M. Keynes, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (1936), pp. 41–43. See, particularly, the footnote on pp. 42–43.

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"He lifted his head. With her arms feebly stretched out on the counterpane, she lay gazing silently at him, looking extraordinarily lovely and serene, trying unsuccessfully to smile."

ANNA KARENINA

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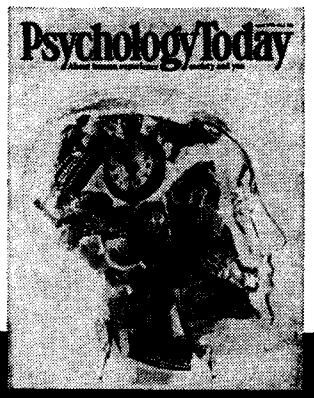

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calls "the wage theorem"—that "when there is a general (proportional) rise in money wages . . . the normal effect is that all prices rise in the same proportion."[7]

Given the wage theorem it is immaterial what the particular money wage is. The relationships between liquidity preference, the investment function, and the rest, which are the hub of Keynes' economics, are unaffected. Consequently, it is a convenient and innocuous simplification to assume a fixed money wage. Consequently, the relationship between aggregate demand and the money wage can be neglected.

This chain of thought—or, rather, this compound of faulty thought-habits and pseudo-empirical hunches—is the source of all the trouble. Keynes made the wage-unit assumption because it facilitated his *theoretical* task. He could grapple more quickly with the issues of demand and employment, once the awkward (but, to him, supererogatory) problem of money wage determination was put to one side. But this does not mean that he thought money wages were determined exogenously *in the real world.*

Unfortunately, the Keynesians have come to think just that. It is almost comical to picture Sir Roy Harrod indulging in an elaborate exegetical hunt to find some justification for all this.

> I have searched through his writings very carefully, not long ago . . . for the purpose of discovering anything he had to say about what we call "cost-push inflation". . . . I could find only one short passage in Keynes, just a couple of sentences, where he said, "Of course the wage-earners might demand more than corresponding to their rise in productivity, might demand more and get more.' . . . You can find those words if you search; I ought to give you chapter and verse, but I have not put down the page reference; they are there all right. . . .[8]

The fact is that Keynes never considered the possibility of "what we call 'cost-push inflation'." The "one short passage" may or may not be a figment of Sir Roy's imagination. The many thousands of words written by Keynes on inflation as an excess demand phenomenon are palpable and, to anyone who "searches through his writings very carefully", rather obtrusive.

There is, however, a certain agreement between the Keynesians' and Keynes's views on social fairness. His writings at times resemble a roll-call of the class structure of a late industrial society, with references to profiteers and rentiers and unions scattered throughout the pages. The passages on income distribution in *How to Pay for the War* describe the upward swirl of the wage-price spiral particularly well. Here, indeed, it might be said, is the endless social struggle for a higher proportion of the national income.[9]

BUT IT IS DIFFICULT TO INFER Keynes's attitude to the labour movement from his writings. He was certainly alerted to its potential impact on the organisation of the markets in factor services. In one of his public speeches he described trade unionists as

> once the oppressed, now the tyrants, whose selfish and sectional pretensions need to be bravely opposed.[10]

But the harshness of the observation is unusual, and it may be an isolated piece of bravura intended more for public relations purposes than as an expression in inner conviction. In *The General Theory* (and elsewhere) the unions are a fact of life; they are not the subject of a favourable or adverse judgment.

But, if there are some reasons for attributing Keynesian views to Keynes's intellectual legacy, there are many more reasons for denying any connection between the two.

BEFORE MOVING ON to an examination of Keynes's theory of inflation, it is essential to challenge a widespread misapprehension: that Keynes knew nothing about and was uninterested in the price mechanism or, more generally, in what we would now call micro-economics. This is simply untrue.[11]

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[7] Sir John Hicks, *The Crisis in Keynesian Economics* (Blackwell, 1974), pp. 59–60.

[8] Sir Roy Harrod in Moggridge (ed.), *Keynes. . . ,* p. 9. Other examples: "It would be most inappropriate for me to stand up here and tell you what Keynes would have thought. Goodness knows he would have thought of something much cleverer than I can think of" (pp. 8–9); and: "I do not think we can tackle it without direct interference. . . . They do seem to be doing this rather more effectively in America now than here—having tribunals, boards, call them what you will, responsible for fixing maximum price increases. I am sure we have got to come to that, and, as our Chairman very kindly hinted, I had a letter in *The Times* on this very subject yesterday."

[9] J. M. Keynes, *How to Pay for the War* (1940), of which pp. 61–70 are reprinted in R. J. Ball and Peter Doyle, *Inflation* (1969), pp. 21–27.

[10] J. M. Keynes, "Liberalism and Labour" (1926), reprinted in *Essays in Persuasion* (1931), p. 341.

[11] There is an extremely tart and amusing footnote on pp. 70–71 of D. E. Moggridge (ed.), *Keynes: Aspects of the Man and his Work* on this theme, which I strongly recommend to the connoisseur. It is at Joan Robinson's expense. She had supported the notion that "Maynard had never spent the 20 minutes necessary to understand the theory of value", sublimely unaware that as a matter of fact (as is clear from one of the notes to her publisher) he had acted as referee to her very book on the subject.

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His awareness of the virtues (within limits) of the price mechanism saved him from the common assumption among the Keynesians that official interference to restrain rises in the absolute price level—or, more explicitly, prices and incomes policies—has no damaging repercussions on the configuration of relative prices. Equally, he was sceptical of the effectiveness of price controls, a scepticism formed by knowledge of conditions in the inflation-ridden European economies of the early 1920s. In *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (1919), he wrote:

> The preservation of a spurious value of the currency, by the force of law expressed in the regulation of prices, contains in itself, however, the seeds of final economic decay, and soon dries up the sources of ultimate supply.

A page later he added:

> The effect on foreign trade of price-regulation and profiteer-hunting as cures for inflation is even worse.[12]

An even more contemporary ring attaches to his derision of the "bread subsidies" which were common at the time.

Similarly, he did not consider wage control to be feasible. There are recurrent passages in Keynes—particularly when Britain returned to the gold standard (in 1925)—where the need to bring down the level of wages is stressed (if the exchange rate had to be unnecessarily raised). But it was precisely the impracticality of efforts to depress the general wage level which was the problem (and, therefore, made adjustments of the exchange rate expedient). In 1931, just before Britain left the gold standard, he wrote that the reduction of all money wages in the economy

> if it were to be adequate would involve so drastic a reduction of wages and such appallingly difficult, probably insoluble, problems, both of social justice and practical method, that it would be crazy not to try [the alternative of import restrictions].[13]

Of course, the Keynesians could argue that today the community has become habituated to directives from the centre. The improvement in communications has made it that much easier to

[12] E. Johnson and D. E. Moggridge (eds), *The Collected Writings of John Maynard Keynes:* vol. 2, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (London, 1971), pp. 151–2.

[13] J. M. Keynes, *Essays in Persuasion* (1931), p. 284. The alternative of import restrictions is the one preferred in the context of the passage quoted—but Keynes was, of course, in favour of a devaluation if it was politically possible.

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administer and to police a prices and incomes policy. It might be contended that in these altered circumstances Keynes would revise his views, acknowledging some merits in legally imposed limitations on wage and price rises.

It is, I believe, impossible to argue with this. It might well be true. But surely no one can give a definitive answer one way or the other. What is clear is that there is nothing in Keynes' writings which explicitly envisages and endorses a prices and incomes policy, and there is much in their mood and tenor which is contemptuous of its makeshift predecessors in the 1920s.

WHAT, THEN, OF Keynes' views of the inflationary process?

The first is that Keynes regarded inflation as an excess demand phenomenon. There is very little, if anything, in his writings to suggest that he regarded it as something else.

The most lucid and consecutive discussion to be found in his work is in chapter 21 of *The General Theory* on "The Theory of Prices" (and, more especially, between pages 295 and 303). Paradoxically, however, it is rather hard to use this section for our purposes. The difficulty is that Keynes thought the proposition that inflation was due to excess demand so self-evident that he did not bother to argue it. The discussion consists of permutations of assumptions, all of which derive from a theoretical position of extreme orthodoxy. *No alternative to excess-demand inflation is contemplated, let alone explored.*

The form of the discussion is to put forward, as a pivot for further argument, the principle that

> So long as there is unemployment, *employment* will change in the same proportion as the quantity of money; and when there is full employment, *prices* will change in the same proportion as the quantity of money.[14]

The validity of this principle is shown to depend on five assumptions.

Only one of the five assumptions is concerned with the institutional context of wage bargaining. It is the tendency for the wage-unit—or, in effect, money wages—to rise before full employment has been reached.

Let me quote the relevant passage in full:

> In actual experience the wage-unit does not change continuously in terms of money in response to every small change in effective demand; but discontinuously. These points of discontinuity are determined by the psychology of the workers and by the policies of employers and trade unions.[15]

In other words, the significance of the union movement is recognised. *But the exercise of bargaining power depends on prior changes in "effective demand."*

This was plainly thought to be the normal run of events. These "discontinuities" represented "semi-inflations" which "have, moreover, a good deal of historical importance." It is not surprising that Keynes saw unions as susceptible to the same economic pressures as firms or individuals. In his lifetime, the membership of the union movement was substantially reduced on two distinct occasions—between 1921 and 1924 and between 1929 and 1932. In both instances the cause was the downturn in demand. To summarise, Keynes believed there to be an interplay between institutions and economic forces; but he did not believe, as do the Keynesians, that institutions dictate to or overwhelm these forces.[16]

A FURTHER point is that Keynes thought inflation to be closely connected with monetary conditions. Indeed, his definition of inflation was stated in terms of the money supply. He did not dither with the two competing modern definitions —of "rising prices" and "aggregate demand in excess of aggregate supply." Instead:

> From 1914 to 1920 all countries experienced an expansion in the supply of money relative to the supply of things to purchase, that is to say *Inflation.*

The emphasis on money is, of course, consonant with the dominant themes of Keynes's depression economics. In the more simplistic explanations of Keynes's theory there is often undue concentration on the need for public works to raise spending. But this neglects the cause of inadequate private investment, which was too much liquidity preference or, roughly speaking, the behaviour of the demand for money.[17]

When savings take the form of liquid holdings (*e.g.* money) rather than illiquid holdings (*e.g.* plant and machinery), the demand for goods declines and there is unemployment. The tradi-

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[14] Keynes, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (1936), p. 296.

[15] Keynes, *The General Theory*, pp. 301–302.

[16] The frailty of institutions in the face of economic imperatives is one of the themes of an interesting new book: G. A. Dorfman, *Wage Politics in Britain*, Charles Knight (1974). See, particularly, chapter 2 on the inter-War period.

[17] Keynes, *Essays in Persuasion* (1931), p. 81. There is a fascinating discussion of the notion of liquidity preference, and its connection with investment flexibility, in the second part of Sir John Hicks, *The Crisis in Keynesian Economics.*

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tional answer was to lower the rate of return on liquid holdings—until savers shifted back into illiquid.

But Keynes saw that there were psychological and institutional barriers to a downward reduction in the rate of interest—from which it followed that monetary policy, intended to engineer changes in interest rates, could not by itself cause a recovery of demand. Hence, there was a need for "a somewhat comprehensive socialisation of investment."

However, if the impotence of monetary policy in a depression is one of the principal conclusions of Keynes's economics, there is no foundation for the widespread Keynesian attitude that "money does not matter." Keynes's writings are replete with references to the banking system and financial assets. It would be remarkable if he thought them irrelevant to problems of economic policy in normal circumstances. (The 1930s, of course, were not normal circumstances. But it should be remembered that three out of the eight historical illustrations in chapter 30 of *A Treatise on Money* were analyses of inflations. Keynes did think about the longer time span.)[18]

IN KEYNES, THE MONETARY VARIABLE under discussion was always "the rate of interest" (*i.e.* the price of money) rather than "the money supply" (*i.e.* its quantity). This has subsequently been a fertile and persistent source of disagreement between the Keynesians and others. The Keynesians say that no support is to be found in *The General Theory* or elsewhere for the mechanistic rules advocated by, for example, Milton Friedman of the Chicago school, in which the monetary variable emphasised is the quantity of money.

The Keynesian position is, in fact, a misrepresentation. Keynes was in no position to talk with confidence of the money supply, because he lived in an age before full statistics were available. The rate of interest, on the other hand, was something known and observable.

There are points in *A Treatise on Money* (1930) where Keynes was plainly searching for an indication of the money supply. There were mismatches between changes in such indicators as he found and money national income changes, which, interestingly enough, he attributed to "lags" between "profit" and "income inflations."

[18] E. Johnson and D. E. Moggridge (eds), *The Collected Writings of John Maynard Keynes:* vol. 6, *A Treatise on Money: The Applied Theory of Money* (1971), pp. 132–186.

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An additional factor is that Keynes, who was active in City finance and speculation, looked at monetary policy as City men do. Bankers, who have to arrange loans from day to day, think of the demand for credit as fickle and volatile, while economists, who look at broad monetary aggregates and long-run time series, regard it as continuous and stable. Bankers see interest rates, which give signals of credit availability, as the determining variable while economists tend to regard the money supply as all-important and are inclined to underplay the significance of transient price incentives. Keynes usually thought in interest-rate terms. But this does not mean that he distrusted the effectiveness of monetary policy as a method of changing credit availability.

The clearest statement of his position is again to be found in *A Treatise on Money*. The authorities have, he said, no control over individual prices (like those of cars or meat) in the economic system. Nor do they have *"direct"* control over the money supply because the central bank must act as lender of last resort. But they do determine one price, "the rate of discount", or the rate of interest; and it is this which gives them leverage on the system as a whole.[19]

A final, and perhaps decisive, point is that, when Britain was confronted with nasty outbreaks of inflation during his lifetime, Keynes supported policies of a traditional, demand-restrictive nature. It has been too readily assumed that the years from 1914 to 1945 were of prolonged and unremitting depression, characterised by falling or stable prices, and that Keynes was, therefore, never called upon to offer advice on the control of inflation. This is quite wrong.

In early 1920, Britain was in the midst of an inflationary boom of proportions which have never been paralleled before or since (although conditions in 1973 and 1974 have, in some respects, been rather similar). In both 1918 and 1919 money wages soared by nearly 30% a year and even by February 1920 there seemed no sign of an early release from the grip of the price explosion which had inevitably followed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Austen Chamberlain, asked for an interview with Keynes to obtain his opinion on the right course of action. Chamberlain later summarised his impression of the interview as:

> K. would go for a financial crisis (doesn't believe it would lead to unemployment). Would go to whatever rate is necessary—perhaps 10%—and would keep it at that for three years.[20]

Shortly afterwards Keynes prepared a 15-point memorandum in which he amplified his advice. Perhaps the most startling feature is the similarity between the economic issues of early 1920 and those of late 1974, and only a little less startling is Keynes's set of recommendations to deal with the problems.

Is THIS DOCUMENT an aberration? Would Keynes have retracted it with the benefit of hindsight and of the breakthroughs in economic thought he pioneered in the 1930s? In 1942 he was shown his 1920 memorandum. He was not in the least repentant. Far from thinking his position too iconoclastic, he acknowledged that other economists at the time had thought exactly the same and that they had been equally right.

> As usual the economists were found to be unanimous and the common charge to the contrary without foundation!
>
> I feel myself that I should give today exactly the same advice that I gave then, namely a swift and sharp dose of dear money, sufficient to break the market, and quick enough to prevent at least some of the disastrous consequences that would then ensue. In fact, the remedies of the economists were taken, but too timidly.[21]

THERE IS NO NEED to go any further. The argument could be reinforced by an analysis of Keynes's views of war finance, but there is already enough evidence to buttress my main contentions.

There is nothing in Keynes' writings, philosophy, or work which coincides with the present-day Keynesians' viewpoints on inflation policy. They favour direct government interference to keep prices down. Keynes scorned price regulation as ineffective and harmful. They consider inflation to be a cost-push phenomenon. He never envisaged it as anything but a phenomenon of excess demand. They dismiss monetary policy. He thought the one sure answer to inflationary excesses was "a swift and severe dose of dear money."

Are we really all "Keynesians" now?

[19] Keynes himself put "direct" in italics (p. 189), presumably because he thought that a rise in the price of money would cause people to economise on its use and, therefore, the authorities could indirectly control the money supply. The belief that a central bank should not hold down the money supply directly, because it has the lender-of-last-resort function, is a very typical banker's attitude. Incidentally, it is one reason why Friedmanite economists and central bankers often do not see eye to eye.

[20] Susan Howson, "'A Dear Money Man'?: Keynes on Monetary Policy, 1920", in *The Economic Journal* (June 1973), p. 458.

[21] Susan Howson, *The Economic Journal*, p. 461.

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George Feaver

Vine Deloria

The American Indians (III)

VINE DELORIA JR. is a Standing Rock Sioux, born on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation near Martin, South Dakota in 1933. His forebears were of mixed blood. The name Deloria itself—the Sioux way of saying "a name long forgotten"—is French. The Delorias of Pine Ridge Reservation had for generations been prominent members of their tribe. Vine's great-grandfather, Saswe, was a medicine man, and his grandfather was a Yankton chief who converted to Christianity in the 1860s (he became such a prominent Episcopal missionary that he was called "the Phillips Brooks of the Indians" and is remembered by a statue in the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C.).[1] Vine's father, in turn, served as a missionary to 18 chapels on the Eastern half of the Pine Ridge Reservation, ending his own distinguished career in 1968 as Archdeacon of the Missionary District of South Dakota.

Like Martin Luther King Jr., young Vine was the scion of a noted line of clergymen, and at first he considered a career in the ministry for himself. After prep school in the East and a period in the Marine Corps and college he in fact attended the Augustana Lutheran Seminary in Rock Island, Illinois, graduating with a Bachelor of Divinity degree in 1963. But he eventually decided against the ministry and opted instead for a job with the United Scholarship Service, administering a programme under which Indian scholarship students were sent to Eastern preparatory schools like the one he had himself attended. By then Deloria had grown disillusioned with the white man's theology and the manner in which, he felt, his father's career had been blocked at every turn by a white-dominated church organisation.

Yet despite his rejection of the cloth the fact of his religious upbringing remained to preoccupy him as he grew to intellectual maturity. There was no easy escape from the reality of his nurture in a privileged, Westernised, and Christian family environment, and the growing realisation of his nature as an Indian, a "Native American." But his father's pet notion—that the plight of the American Indian was like that of the Old Testament Tribes of Israel, eventually to be rewarded by God for their stoical and proud forbearance before the sins of their alien captors—was by that date deeply etched on young Deloria's character and beliefs. His theoretical task was to mould it to the service of his own revised eschatology. And consequently, his insistence that the white man's Christianity has lost its powers of persuasion and degenerated into a mere set of intellectual abstractions—whose promise is laid up in heaven, remote from the exigencies of everyday life in an urban, industrial and covetous society—and his equally insistent view that the traditional Indian way of life might be a salvageable alternative form perhaps the central theme of his work.[2]

WHAT RENDERS DELORIA's adumbration of the theme so intriguing is that his mood seems to vacillate between a moderately didactic and a more urgent and doctrinaire version of his religious vision. "The issue to be faced today", he has written in a passage illustrative of the moderate position, "is a religious issue. . . . That a new religion is arising is certain. Where it will arise and who will be its prophet is undetermined."[3] Now while such views may well be faulted on grounds

[1] Biographical material is drawn from Vine Deloria Jr., *Custer Died For Your Sins, An Indian Manifesto* (1969), especially "An Afterword", pp. 268–279.

[2] It is thus no accident that Deloria should have undertaken to revise and update Jennings C. Wise's classic *The Red Man in the New World Drama* (1971; first published 1932). As Deloria explains in his Introduction (pp. ix–x), he believes Wise's book is "a pivotal book for today" because "in large part he viewed the history of the American Indian as a part of a world drama of conflicting religions. . . ."

[3] Vine Deloria Jr., *We Talk, You Listen, New Tribes, New Turf* (1970), pp. 206–208.

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of their naive idealism, they do fall within a wide spectrum of respectable intellectual opinion that seeks some ecumenical synthesis of faiths to provide mankind with the solace of religious certainty amidst the terrible insecurities of a complex age. At other times Deloria seems to reach beyond mere synthesis in a more disturbing formulation of his argument that rests on the premise that the Indian way of life is unquestionably superior to that of White America. Thus, in response to the celebrated dictum that "God Is Dead!" in the spiritual wasteland of contemporary Western society, he has retorted that "*God Is Red!*".[4] He has argued that the absolute superiority of the Indian's natural religiosity, his communion in everyday life with the Great Spirit working his wonders in nature, represents the only hope for the salvation of Western man. And when he does so, Deloria's thought leans suspiciously in the direction of a mystical vision that would merely replace one set of exclusivist theological dogmas with another.

The danger in this more extreme formulation of his argument is that Deloria's ostensibly theological preoccupation easily passes over into the world of political ideologies. There the rallying cry "*God is Red!*" is translated into a political theory of liberation in which God is appropriated to the cause of oppressed racial minorities locked in mortal battle with the white, liberal and middle-class Christianities of the West. And as with the contemporary black theological cry that "*Jesus Is Black, Baby!*" from which it is in appreciable measure derived, the new elect of Deloria's vision are joined in a common championing of "redness" that (as Clifford Longley, the Religious Affairs Correspondent of *The Times* has observed of the similar case of the school of black theologians) is an ontological symbol and not just a skin colour. White-skinned people, too, may thus seek admission to the elect. But the achievement of a state of grace in redness means that "your heart, your soul, your mind and your body are where the dispossessed are. . . ."[5] And if God is with the red and black-skinned and the oppressed, those who are not with Him are against Him.

VINE DELORIA

DELORIA IS NOT UNAWARE of this tension in his argument. In *God is Red* he has set himself the task of reconciling the claims of White Christianity and the religion of the American Indian.[6] For American civilisation has hitherto been characterised by a pervasive ideological dichotomy between American Indian and European immigrant theories of social existence between "those who have been formed of the dust of their forefathers' bones, and those who were never able to release their spirits to the realities of the continent." What is desperately needed, he argues, is a growth in mutual understanding between the "spiritual" and the "political" owners of the land.

Much of Deloria's narrative is given over to a comparison of the theological premises of the red and white man that hinges on a critical distinction. For whereas Indian religiosity emphasises the appearance of God's spirit *in space*, he claims, Christianity centres on the notion of God's unfolding will *in time*. The doctrine of creation thus looms large in Christian theology while

[4] Firstly, in his *Custer Died For Your Sins*, p. 124, latterly as the central thesis of his *God Is Red* (Grosset & Dunlap, N.Y., Dunlap, 1973).

[5] *The Times* (London), 18 June, 1973. The ingenious dialectic of this theory has not yet run its course. Thus, when an American university poster announced a lecture recently on the subject "*Who Is Christ?*" someone scrawled across it the answer: "*She Is Black!*".

[6] The announced title of another book forthcoming from Deloria's prolific pen—*Behind the Trail of Broken Treaties: The Indian Declaration of Independence*—likewise raises the question whether "reconciliation" is an entirely satisfactory characterisation of his effect, as a writer on White-Indian affairs.

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it has no place in the outlook of the Indian. The white man's view gives vital importance to the problem of God in history. It follows from this that Christian theology has been characteristically preoccupied with the problems of God's anthropomorphism, the Fall, the tension between Man and Nature, and the special history of the Hebrew peoples—none of which appear in the red man's religious outlook.

Deloria further contends that while Protestant Christianity places great store in the possibility of a radical transformation of personality through Christian striving, and emphasises the psychological relations between individuals and God, the Indian has no notion of personal relations between the Deity and individual persons. Rather he conceives of the relation as a covenant between a particular god and particular communities. Thus, while the Christian is led to experience personal feelings of inadequacy, guilt or sin, there is no such terrible aloneness for the Indian. Deloria believes this point can be carried over to form the basis of a generalisation about the notion of culture in the two world-views.

For while the white man's culture defines his religion and creates religious institutions which assume an internal organisational life separate from that of the general community, he argues that Indian tribal religions define cultures and remain an integral part of them.

DELORIA'S ARGUMENT continues by contrasting the state of Christian and Indian religions in contemporary America. He submits that the Christian churches are sick, divided into a "left wing" of the traditional denominations which are "tearing themselves apart", and a "right wing" encompassing the evangelical and fundamentalist sects that insist on "avoiding contact with the real world." And while they all alike appear to be impotent before the disturbing revival of "demonism, devil worship, the astrological and numerological sciences and other manifestations of the occult"[7] in White America, he avers, the steady revival of traditional tribal religions on Federal reservations in recent years points, in contrast, to the still potent capacity of Indian religions as sources of social and psychological healing.

While Deloria clearly welcomes the revival of Indian tribal religions and the attendant growth of pride among Indians in their cultural

[7] *God Is Red*, p. 243.

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heritage, he seems hesitant to place his hopes for the future exclusively on a continuation of that process of renewed Indian religious consciousness. He has no doubt that the present condition of his people in America—half-authentic "Native Americans", half-Westernised Indians—is akin to "the Diaspora of the Jews following the destruction of the Temple." But it is also a sad fact of life that the Indian's "exile" from his roots is in one sense vastly more drastic than was the case with the Jews. As he observes of the dilemma of the "Native American" in the modern U.S.A.:

> The people often live less than a hundred miles away from their traditional homelands, yet in the relative complexities of reservation and urban life, they might be two thousand or more years apart. It is not simply a spatial separation that has occurred but a temporal one as well.

Thus, Deloria seems to be saying, the urban Indian, like his white counterpart, cannot go back to the less complicated historical epoch in which his traditional spiritual beliefs flourished. Rather, in their common search for meaning, the two races might, just possibly, experience some cultural convergence.

AND HERE DELORIA STRIKES upon a theme which has been the subject of much speculation in recent years. For the technological innovations of modern industrial societies, it has been widely argued, have paradoxically produced conditions that are hastening the demise of the existing Western world-view and its predominantly materialistic values. And further, it is contended, the emerging "Post-Industrial" era which will replace them will witness the recovery of elements of traditionalism that were for over two hundred years the very scourge of advancing industrial civilisation. "It is possible", Robert L. Heilbroner has written in a recent essay that illustrates the point,

> that a post-industrial society would also turn in the direction of many pre-industrial societies—toward the exploration of inner states of experience rather than the outer world of fact and material accomplishment. Tradition and ritual, the pillars of life in virtually all societies other than those of an industrial character, would probably once again assert their ancient claims as the guide to and solace for life. The struggle for individual achievement, especially for material ends, is likely to give way to the acceptance of communally organized and ordained roles.[8]

Certainly Deloria shares the view typical of this genre of writers that mankind (as he puts it, with conventional white man's imagery) "stands today at a series of crossroads." And no doubt he has been at pains to avoid accusations that he gives us in his writings only a crude racialist statement of the problem and its solution. But that said, it remains unclear even in his *God Is Red* what relative weight the reader is to assign in Deloria's reasoning to a backward-looking and exclusivist Red Indian panacea, and a more forward-looking and genuinely integrated vision of the red and white-skinned world-views in a synthesis that will transcend the individual historical achievements of each race.

THERE IS A CERTAIN INTELLECTUAL AFFINITY in this undercurrent of his religious views with what Roger Masters has called the "detachable metaphysics" of Rousseau's natural religion.[9] For the Rousseau of the New Indians seems unable to resolve even to his own satisfaction the central question. Can a progressive renaissance of values be achieved by a defiant existential implanting of human will upon a decaying religious culture? Or does Deloria's call for a revival of tribal religious practices reflect a loss of will before the admittedly desperate plight of the American Indian in modern society, leading him to a passive, irrational nostalgia for a world now lost?

DELORIA'S RELIGIOSITY is linked to the intense pride he feels towards the traditional practices of the Indian past which, in the face of countless attempts by White America to destroy them, have survived and still flourish today.

In an autobiographical sketch[10] he once recalled that his own earliest memories were of

[8] Robert L. Heilbroner, "The Human Prospect", *New York Review of Books*, 24 January, 1974, pp. 21–34. But for the historical perspective on the periodic faddism of the renaissance myth of present social decay and imminent renewal among Western intellectuals, see Robert Nisbet, "The Myth of the Renaissance", *Comparative Studies in Society and History*, October 1973) pp. 473–492. Nisbet writes:

> "It is hard to miss even among a large number of our middle class, at least as their sentiments are revealed by polls, a vague, amorphous, but floating and powerful conviction that our culture, our social order, our morality are perhaps showing signs of what, under the spell of the West's most seminal myth, can be called senescence and decay, with some new renaissance man's best hope. . . ."

[9] Roger D. Masters, *The Political Philosophy of Rousseau* (1968), p. 73.

[10] Vine Deloria Jr., "This Country Was a Lot Better Off When the Indians Were Running It", *New York Times Magazine* (8 March 1970), reprinted in Alvin M. Josephy Jr. (ed.), *Red Power* (1971), pp. 247–259.

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trips along dusty roads to Kyle, a small settlement in the heart of the Pine Ridge Reservation. There he attended the traditional dances and religious observances which had been banned until the passage of the Indian Reorganisation Act in the year following his birth. They had never been effectively suppressed. And now it seemed to him as if time had stopped and the Red Indian was restored to his 19th-century status as a free agent wandering the Plains, his libertarian ethos akin to the anarchic dream of a natural social freedom that is overwhelmed by the repressive political and legal institutions of the modern state. Deloria remembered especially the stories he was told in his youth by Dewey Beard, then in his 80s and a survivor of the Little Big Horn. Dewey Beard still proudly wore his costume and joined in the ritual dances as he had in the glorious warrior days of the past. And he recalled another occasion, the most memorable of all, when his father took him to Wounded Knee to visit the scene of the infamous 1890 massacre. Older people, his father explained, never liked to talk about it. But as they travelled around the reservation in the course of his father's missionary work, Deloria Sr. would point out aged survivors of those fateful days to his attentive son.

Deloria left the reservation when his parents moved to Iowa in 1951. But he never forgot the reservation life of his early years and recalled with nostalgia its very isolation, its primitiveness and remoteness from the modern central machinery of government. Many settlements were virtually inaccessible. The pace of life had been slow and inward-looking, and there was a certain reassurance and warmth in the fact of living in a face-to-face society. But World War II changed all that. Families were dispersed and returning Indian G.I.s gravitated to the big cities. Telephones, roads, and cars invaded the reservations, and this meant the team and wagon and the slow pace of the past were threatened, if not doomed. But as the danger-signs of the white man's "modernisation" became most pronounced, a rising generation of Indian college students arrived on the scene, just in time, Deloria believes, to avert the wholesale destruction of tribal ways.

Vine Deloria Jr. was himself prominent among this new breed of educated Indian who resisted the white man's intellectual assimilationism and opted instead for a kind of Indian cultural nationalism. He has vivid passages on

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his own undergraduate days and the insensitivity of white college professors who throughout endless seminars would ask their Indian students how they were coping with their "Crisis of Identity" in coming to terms with the "mainstream" of American life. What Deloria found so galling in the formulation of the sociological problem was its assumption in favour of white standards. In fact, the real effect of his exposure to Western culture was to affirm in him his childhood commitment to the values of the traditional Indian way of life. The new Indian nationalists understand "the so-called mainstream." As he later wrote, with more than a trace of bitterness,

> They look at the mainstream and what do they see: ice cream bars and heart trouble and neurosis and deodorants and getting up at six o'clock in the morning to mow your lawns in the suburbs. They see that in the mainstream the urban and suburban men are trapped; once you get a job it's climb, climb, climb. If you get heart trouble it's the price you pay.[11]

The answer to the debilitating and demeaning modern rat-race, as Deloria sees it, lies in the rededication of our efforts to the task of reviving the warm communal and familial bonds of traditional societies. For him, the most pressing contemporary social and political problem is that of redefining the meaning of the tribe to fit the circumstances of our unhappy times. He believes that "ancient tribalism can be incorporated with modern technology in an urban setting";[12] and it is in support of this belief that the political arguments of his major books have been directed.

In 1964 Deloria became Executive Director of the National Congress of American Indians, a post he held for three years, during which time he turned the debt-ridden and near-defunct body into a more effective voice in Washington for the interests of some 100 Indian tribes scattered across all the American states. It was during these years, when he had to grapple with the everyday political problems of Indians in a society monumentally oblivious to the special plight of America's "original inhabitants", that he gathered the materials for his best-selling book, *Custer Died For Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto*. The work is a caustic indictment of White America's cruelty, ignorance and indifference to Indians, in which stereotyped images of Indians (traceable as often as not to their supposed friends among white Americans, including well-meaning but damaging missionaries, anthropologists, and government agencies) are in turn subjected to Deloria's biting and incisive wit.

Sharply critical of what he terms "the disastrous policy" of termination, Deloria argues in behalf of a continued special status for Indians, on the basis of which they will in time be able to recapture the waning vitality of their traditional tribal ways. Thus, instead of the abrupt ending of government involvement with Indian affairs (as envisaged in the original termination policy), he suggests instead that the old paternalism of the Bureau of Indian Affairs be replaced by more "positive" government programmes. The long-range goal would be to help the eventual self-sufficiency of Indians and the immediate aim is to encourage the freer exchange of urban Indians with a revitalised rural reservation system. This means continued Federal subsidies to Indians on a "special case" basis. But Deloria is emphatic that this should not be interpreted as paternalism under a different name. Rather, he contends, what is needed on the part of White America is an atmosphere of political reformism in which Indians can achieve "a cultural leave-us-alone agreement, in spirit and in fact."[13] In this, he believes, the American people would be participating in the unfolding of a new epoch of historical consciousness whose outlines are every day becoming more clear. So far from "tribalism" being a throwback to an earlier age, Deloria claims that America is already "retribalising" and that his arguments are therefore in line with current social developments. For on Deloria's analysis, the rugged individual of classical American political and economic liberalism has in fact already been largely overtaken by the pervasive corporativism of modern social and economic life. This is a theme he returns to in his second major book, *We Talk, You Listen.*

America, Deloria now argues, urgently needs a new constitution that will reflect these changed circumstances. During its first hundred years, he suggests, the abiding constitutional norm in the United States was that of Lockean individualism. Then, in 1848, 1865, and 1871 respectively,

[11] Stan Steiner, *The New Indians*, p. 86.
[12] Alvin Josephy Jr., *Red Power*, p. 259.
[13] Vine Deloria Jr., *Custer Died For Your Sins*, p. 27.

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Mexicans, Negroes and Indians were brought within the constitutional framework. But this amounted to a shift away from individuals and towards a constitutional theory of groups. Consequently, we are now (according to Deloria) in the midst of a third American ideological revolution, a struggle to define the phrase "We the People" to take into account the claims of minority groups. And in practice today, he concludes, the current interpretation of "We the People" means "We the Peoples."

> When the position of the minority groups is viewed in its philosophical and conceptual positive sense, then it is clear that ONLY minority groups can have an identity which will withstand the pressures and the tidal waves of the electric world. ONLY minority groups have within themselves the potential for exercise of power. And ONLY minority groups have the vision of freedom before them.[14]

This new constitutional doctrine corresponds to what Deloria takes to be an emerging consensus on a novel form of social organisation that will merge the existing roles of profit-making corporations and non-profit organisations. The examples of such that he offers are the Indian tribe and the Community Development Corporation proposed by Roy Innis's Negro activist group CORE. The advantage of the form, he explains, is that it promises to bring administration to the neighbourhood and local level and thus to eliminate remote bureaucracies.

Deloria is convinced these developments signal the arrival of a new era of individualism, or rather, a return to an older notion of the place of the individual in the desirable social order. Against the atomised, acquisitive individualism of classical liberal thought, he surmises, the new values are hinted at in the Hippies' call to "do your own thing" within the communal boundaries of like-minded spirits. "Possessive individualism", we might say in adapting C. B. Macpherson's well-known phrase[15] to the purposes of Deloria's argument, is to be replaced by a kind of possessive groupism. Indians have always in a sense, he suggests, adhered to this idea. While White America has traditionally tied its notion of individualism to an economic base, the Indian's notion of freedom is non-competitive, is based on the pervasive feel for the social tie. In the Indian view, communal possession of land is the most vital part of man's existence. The land, writes Deloria, "is THEIRS. It supports them, tells them where to live, and defines for the HOW to live . . . it provides a center of the universe for the group that lives on it." The resulting feeling of shared humanity (as he observes, in an unfortunate aside) is not unlike that experienced by the so-called Woodstock Nation of Abbie Hoffman, a figure whom Deloria praises as "the Diogenes of our time."

By way of contrast, the White Man's world is "an artificial universe" in which progress amounts to "the absolute destruction of the real world in favour of a technology that creates a comfortable way of life for a few fortunately situated people." It is, alas, a universe whose death knell has already been sounded in the current ecological crisis. Deloria sees as the only way out the immediate adoption of Tribalism:

> the white man must drop his dollar-chasing civilisation and return to a simple, tribal, game-hunting, berry-picking life if he is to survive. He must quickly adopt not just the contemporary Indian world view but the ancient Indian world view to survive.

[14] Vine Deloria Jr., *We Talk, You Listen*, p. 116.
[15] C. B. Macpherson, *The Political Theory of Possessive Individualism* (1962). For a critique of this notion, see Kenneth Minogue, in his article "Two Hisses for Democracy", ENCOUNTER, December 1973.

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And, indeed, he suggests an actual scenario for the return of white America to nature, in which the Federal government would purchase farmlands and return huge areas of the nation to their original state. When that transition has been accomplished it will finally be seen that after four centuries of oppression at the hands of the white man, it was the Indian who laughed last. For Deloria is adamant that the white man's conception of nature is "obscene" and that for his very survival he must "adopt a total Indian way of life." Thus he concludes his litany of faith in the political virtues of Tribalism. But by weaving his ostensibly political arguments so closely together with his religious vision he has placed them beyond the possibility of reasoned rebuttal.

DELORIA LEFT the Executive Directorship of the National Congress of American Indians to enter the law school of the University of Colorado. He had by then become convinced that the next step in the emancipation of the Indian from the bonds of second-class citizenship required a more substantial strategy than periodic tactical attempts by NCAI directors to attract national publicity to the cause of the Red Indian. Unlike other American minorities, Indians suffered above all because the numerous treaties made by separate Indian tribes with the Federal government to guarantee their special status had been cynically manipulated over the years. What was now needed, he theorised, was a new generation of Indian lawyers to fight the white man with his own legal weapons.[16]

He arrived at this conclusion in his official NCAI travels to visit remote reservation tribes who, altogether without legal counsel, were ignorant of their treaty rights and the obligations of the U.S. government under them. And he was confirmed in his judgment in lengthy talks during 1966 with Jack Greenberg (of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People's Legal Defense Fund). Greenberg impressed upon him the advantages of the NAACP strategy: of keeping up relentless pressure on the courts to reverse the longstanding exclusion of minorities from the promises of American political and social life. Deloria seized upon the NAACP strategy—so spectacularly successful in the historic Supreme Court decision of *Brown v. Topeka Board of Education*—but saw in it a fundamentally different lesson for Indians. Whereas the NAACP strategy was one in which legal equality meant the political and eventual social integration of individual black and white Americans, Deloria saw in the law a potential weapon for achieving the equal treatment of equal peoples, and thus, of guarantees of an "equality of separatism" between Indians and Whites.

> As I sat there listening to Jack I could visualise a national legal programme for Indian people similar to that which had served the black community so well. I could see us piling case upon case, precedent upon precedent, *until we had forged out a new definition of Indian rights by which our Indian communities could live in peace from encroachment from any source.*[17]

Deloria has written at length about the relationships of Negro Americans and Indians. He takes pains to emphasise the distinctiveness of the causes of the two minorities, notwithstanding the typical attitude of the white "Johnny-come-lately liberal" who (he claims) habitually equates minority groups with dark skins and thus defines the Indian as a sub-category of black.[18] In fact, Deloria contends, the histories of Negroes and Indians in America have followed exactly opposite courses.

The Negro, uprooted from his native African culture and brought to the New World as slave labour, has ever since been regarded as little better than an "ape-like draft animal", and, as such, unworthy of inclusion in the social and economic arrangements of White America. The Red Indian, whom the white settler found awaiting him, a sort of "wild, free-running antelope" with claims to original title in America's land which had to be settled by treaty, has ever since been the subject of relentless paternalistic efforts at "Anglo-Saxonisation." The result is that the "civil rights phase" of Negro demands for emancipation reflects a yearning for fuller inclusion in American society which Indians, who seek greater separation, do not share. The cultural social and economic dilemmas of Blacks searching for their own identity are problems which (Deloria claims) Indians, having already achieved a deep sense of cultural autonomy, do not have to confront. A "Red is Beautiful" slogan, he

[16] The direction of Deloria's developing views is suggested by his edited collection of treaty documents, *Of Utmost Good Faith: The Case of the American Indian Against the Federal Government of the United States* (1971).

[17] *Custer Died For Your Sins*, p. 273, italics added.

[18] *Custer Died For Your Sins*, p. 170.

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remarks, would be anomalous. Blacks, however, are still at the stage where they need "to explore *peoplehood*"; "to toy with that idea for awhile, and then consider tribalism and nationalism." This means cultural independence—for Deloria, unthinkable without a land base (such as that which Indians already possess in the reservation system). Once that is attained, he concludes, Blacks like Indians will at last be in a position to press for the full implementation of legal provisions guaranteeing "separate but equal" treatment for all of America's significant racial minorities.

DELORIA'S VIEW, THEN, is that the Negro civil rights movement is in itself an inadequate instrument for awakening a much-needed sense of Black cultural solidarity and that it is also inadequate as a strategy for mobilising other minorities into a broad radical-reformist coalition. This leads him to embrace major points in the political theory of Stokely Carmichael and Charles Hamilton's *Black Power* (1967), which he believes can be freed from its inflammatory excesses and moulded into a generalised minority-group strategy *vis-à-vis* White America. Indeed, Deloria was prominent among a group of Indian spokesmen who, at first as a means of "putting on" whites, invented the corollary slogan "Red Power" as a short form for the new Indian cultural nationalism:

> In 1966, a number of us in the Indian field advanced "Red Power" as a means of putting the establishment on. We were greatly surprised when newspapermen began to take us seriously and even more so when liberals who had previously been cool and unreceptive began to smile at us in conferences.[19]

What Deloria especially likes about "Black Power" is that it justifies the concept of group self-determination. Its appearance in 1966 closed the era of the "integrationist-individual" approach to racial and ethnic politics and replaced it with that of "the group as a group", of "Black Power, Chicano Power, Red Power, Flower Power and Green Power. . . ."[20]

Deloria is none the less quick to criticise those negativist Black Power advocates whose point of view is "not so much an affirmation of black people as it [is] an anti-white reaction." There is a distinction between "nationalist" advocates of black, brown, and red power, of whom he approves, and those he calls "militants", of whom he disapproves.

> Militants . . . are reactionists. They understand the white society and they progress by reacting against it . . . Nationalists always have the option of resorting to violence and demonstrations. Militants shoot their arsenal merely to attract attention and are left without any visible means to accomplish their goals . . . militancy must inevitably lead on to more militancy.[21]

By 1970, at any rate, Deloria had come to appreciate a point about the symbolism of power that the late Martin Luther King Jr. had already made about the Black Power Movement. He thus observed in that year that "The symbolism of 'power' has been worn thin and serves only to block communications at the present time." As a means of preserving the spirit of "Red Power" while muting the pejorative connotations which had come to attach to "power", he

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[19] Vine Deloria Jr., *We Talk, You Listen*, p. 114. On the comparable black militant use of the verbal "put on" see Martin Kilson Jr., "The 'Put-On' of Black Panther Rhetoric: On the Function of Polemical Excess", ENCOUNTER (April 1971), pp. 57–58.

[20] *We Talk, You Listen*, p. 100. See also Chapter 8, "The Red and the Black", in his *Custer Died for Your Sins*.

[21] If the challenge to blacks is to overcome, he seems to be saying, the challenge of Indians is to endure.

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suggests that what is needed is a direct linking of the concept of minority group *power* with the notion of the natural *sovereignty* of such groups.[22] He believes a general recognition of such group sovereignty is already implicit in White America's fascination with the question of minority-group leadership. For what does it mean, Deloria insists, for Washington to spend millions of Federal dollars on minority "leadership-training" programmes—or to ask, as White America constantly does, "Who Speaks for the Blacks, or Indians, or Mexicans?"—unless it means the implicit recognition of the fundamental sovereignty of the group?

THE POINT OF MINORITY SOVEREIGNTY, for Deloria, is that it offers the chance for a new kind of liberty: "the freedom of sovereignty." It will be a directed freedom, "beyond the problem of identity and power conflicts", and thus superseding both the individualistic freedom of Lockean liberalism and the "absolute freedom" of the existing Indian community. It is also a freedom dividing the generations but joining the young with the oppressed racial minorities; for

> Youth and minority groups conceive of freedom as an unfulfilled potential of being. They despise rules and regulations which compress the individual into a state of fear and conformity. The difference is easy to see. The older generation tries to be "good", that is, it wants to live without a police record and with plenty of recommendations. Youth tries to "be", that is, to express what it feels as a result of being a person. Therefore police records and acceptance by society are nice but not really relevant to the question of freedom.

But elsewhere Deloria has acknowledged the necessity of strong leadership. This obviates any anarchic temptation to conclude that such rejuvenated freedom can ever be attained without the acceptance of authority. And indeed he records that (in his NCAI days) he had constantly to resist the temptation to make himself into a sort of Messiah figure. On his own account, ever since the Ghost Dance days which aroused expectations and an other-worldly hope of salvation, Messianism has been a potent theme in Indian thought.

> Every Indian leader of today must face the question of whether or not he is a great figure of the past reincarnated to lead his people to victory, for legends die hard among our people.

HOW DIFFERENT are the varieties of American nationalism? Sir Isaiah Berlin has recently observed of the rise of political activism among the minority populations of the older nations that

> it may be that no minority that has preserved its own cultural tradition or religious or racial characteristics, can indefinitely tolerate the prospect of remaining a minority forever, governed by a majority with a different outlook and habits. And this may indeed account for the reaction of wounded pride or the sense of collective injustice . . . contemporary nationalism seldom comes in its purely romantic form . . . but is connected far more closely with social and religious and economic grievances. Yet it seems undeniable that the central feeling is deeply nationalistic. More ominous still . . . racial hatreds seem to be at the core of the most hideous expressions of violent collective emotion of this kind.[23]

Certainly Vine Deloria Jr. is a Native American nationalist. But in the broad perspective of the new racial and ethnic school of political nationalisms underscored by Professor Berlin, he reveals himself as a member of the "cultural" rather than the "revolutionary" nationalist camp. Though himself an activist, he explicitly disavows political extremism and the sensationalism of those he terms "militants." Indeed, in his first book Deloria makes a pointed critique of the militant style of politics then gaining adherents amongst young Indians eager for change (and bent on imitating Black radicalism). "The modern world", he wrote, musing over the responsibilities of the Indian leader,

> appears to be more than a match for our present leadership. The temptation to be militant overcomes the necessity to be nationalistic. Anyone can get into the headlines by making wild threats and militant statements. It takes a lot of hard work to raise an entire group to a new conception of themselves. And that is the difference between the nationalists and the militants. . . .[24]

Noble sentiments—and Deloria's commitment to

[22] Vine Deloria Jr., *We Talk, You Listen*, Chapter 7, "Power, Sovereignty and Freedom." Unfortunately, as an example of a group having an advanced sense of group sovereignty he chooses the Black Muslims. He claims that within the group there flourishes "a more humane social system than America itself. Respect for individuals within the group is a noted trait of the Black Muslims" (p. 133). Such an assertion flies in the face of the internecine struggles that have characterised the Muslims from their first appearance on the American scene. But facts are often completely irrelevant in romantic ideologies.

[23] Isaiah Berlin, "The Bent Twig: A Note on Nationalism", *Foreign Affairs* (October 1972), pp. 11–30.

[24] *Custer Died For Your Sins*, "An Afterword", pp. 266–267.

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find a way to achieve a renewed sense of Indian cultural pride while avoiding the dead end of rhetorical extremism is doubtless heartfelt. Yet, try as he might, the theoretical exercise of separating "cultural" from "revolutionary" nationalism was doomed to failure.

The point had already been amply illustrated in the course of the rise of the corollary phenomenon of "Black cultural nationalism" during the 1960s. Now, like its Black Power counterpart, this desperate Indian nationalist attempt to "hold on to the old ways" (by applauding uncritically the great achievements of the remote Indian past) made the same dispiriting transition only too easily. It moved from a well-intentioned protest that

> Red Power means we want power over our own lives. . . . We do not wish power over anyone. . . . We simply want the power, the political and economic power, to run our own lives in our own ways. . . .[25]

to an elitist conclusion which distinguished "authentic" Indians from "Uncle Tomahawks" and "Apples" (red on the outside, white on the inside)—childish copycat analogues to "Uncle Tom" and to the "Oreo-Cookie" (black on the outside, white on the inside) of the Black Power Movement. Slogans like "Custer Had It Coming!" and "Kemo Sabe Means Honky!" signalled the coming of the terrible simplifiers.

THE IDEAS OF CULTURAL NATIONALISM soon enough became a guide to action. The pre-dawn landing at Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay on 9 November 1969 by a band of 78 Indian militants —they were soon joined by hundreds of fellow Indians, white sympathisers, and Hollywood celebrities as the takeover drew world-wide attention—may be taken as a convenient watershed.[26] The initial carnival-like atmosphere on Alcatraz could hardly be expected to last; but when it faded the appeal of cultural nationalism remained to sustain the diehards in their long siege. This is evident in every passage of the "Proclamation of the Indian Tribes of All Nations", issued defiantly to White America from

[25] Stan Steiner, *The New Indians*, p. 269. But Deloria added with a grin: "Of course . . . if our way of life turns out to be better, more human, than yours, that would be your problem. Not ours."

[26] Peter Collier, in a piece ironically entitled "The Red Man's Burden", *Ramparts* (February 1970, pp. 26–38), characterised the Alcatraz occupation as "a mecca, a sort of red man's Selma."

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ROUTLEDGE

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the headquarters of the insurgents at the former Federal penitentiary site, in January 1970. "We will give to the inhabitants of this island" ran the document—it was referring to the Indians' proposed treatment of the handful of white personnel who were on the island at the time of the seizure, its words half bitter-serious and half tongue-in-cheek (in the familiar ambivalence of mood we have learned to associate with the utterances of multifarious "moments of madness" ideologists of recent years)—

> . . . . a portion of land for their own to be held in trust by the American Indian Government and by the Bureau of Caucasian Affairs to hold in perpetuity—for as long as the sun shall rise and the rivers go down to the sea. We will further guide the inhabitants in the proper way of living. We will offer them our religion, our education, our lifeways, in order to help them achieve our level of civilization and thus raise them and all their white brothers up from their savage and unhappy state.[27]

Was this merely a clever turning of the theoretical tables on the part of a minority for too long oppressed in White America? But is it then too elementary, in these wearily sophisticated times, to inquire whether two wrongs (in morality, if not in the often black humour of political practice) ever make a right? The school of Indian cultural nationalism does not provide an unambivalent answer. Deloria himself leaves us with the triumphal observation that nowadays the American Indian feels "an increasing scent of victory in the air."[28]

A sign of the trouble is that his very imagery is militaristic. It merely substitutes one blemished moral theory—one version of the Just Cause or the Holy War or Manifest Destiny—for another. Indeed, the more radical imagery of the revolutionary nationalist has been even more decidedly in the military mould. The outspoken young Indian university graduates who founded the "National Indian Youth Council" (NIYC) in 1960 spoke explicitly (through their first President, a Paiute named Mel Thom) of "the New Indian Wars"[29] that lay just ahead. These sentiments were taken up by his successor, Clyde Warrior, whose very name bore the message he strove in his tragically short life to impart. Clyde Warrior, though a product of the Universities of Chicago and Kansas, called himself "an academic aborigine." He was the leading prophet of "Red Power"—an Indian Stokely Carmichael, a Bakunin to Deloria's Marx—whom Deloria himself once described admiringly as "a true Indian nationalist."[30]

Warrior later resigned from the NIYC, accusing it of being "a political springboard whereby [young Indians] get sucked into the system. . . ." He dreamed of a new race of Indian "Angry Nationalists." They would be "ideal Indians", true believers in "true Indian philosophy." He contrasted his angry nationalists with the slob or hood, the joker, the red-skinned white-noser or sell-out (the little Brown American) and the ultra-pseudo-Indian of the contemporary Indian scene. Warrior also believed that the angry nationalists understood the nature of "true Indianism" and were ready to "start raising hell with their oppressors."[31]

Stan Steiner tells the story of a meeting of the NIYC executive board on a remote beach at Neah Bay in the State of Washington. It was presided over by Clyde Warrior. The group was earnestly engaged in conversation about the abysmal poverty and despair of the "Native American" when an atomic scientist (who worked at the Atomic Energy Commission at nearby Harford) happened to come by and sympathetically inquired whether there was anything he could do to help. "*Show us*", answered Warrior, "*how to make the Bomb!*" Steiner assures us the comment was meant only half-seriously. Presumably we are now supposed to suspend critical judgement on all of Warrior's incendiary remarks. Once, in an interview, heady with rhetoric, he prophesied the coming "Indian Revolution":

> As I look at it, the situation will not change unless really violent action comes about. If this country understands violence then that is the way to do it. Some of the young Indians are already talking revolution. "We have tried everything else" they say. "The only thing we have left is our guns. Let's use them!"[32]

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[27] The Proclamation is reproduced in *Chronicles of American Indian Protest*, compiled and edited with commentaries by the Council on Interracial Books for Children (1971), pp. 310–313.

[28] Vine Deloria Jr., "This Country Was A Lot Better Off When The Indians Were Running It", in Alvin M. Josephy (ed.), *Red Power*, p. 257.

[29] Mel Thom, "The New Indian Wars", in Shirley Hill Witt and Stan Steiner (eds), *The Way: An Anthology of American Indian Literature* (1972), pp. 102–107. It is also an interesting aside that Vine Deloria Jr. opens his *God Is Red* (p. 3) by quoting Vernon Bellecourt of the American Indian Movement to the effect that "We are at war with the United States. To your stations!"

[30] See *Custer Died for Your Sins*, p. 277.

[31] The essay, "Which One Are You? Five Types of Young Indians", which originally appeared in *ABC, Americans Before Columbus*, is reprinted in Shirley Hill Witt and Stan Steiner, *The Way*, pp. 108–113.

[32] See Stan Steiner, *The New Indians*, Chapter 6, "The Academic Aborigine", pp. 65–72.

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This is the familiar barbaric yawp of all ideologised revanchism. And here too is Deloria's temptation—Indian leaders casting themselves in the role of avenging messianic saviours. It is all part of the persistent and time-honoured imagery in the Indian mythology of leadership—the bifurcated personality of the Prankster-Trickster and the Culture Hero, the former's deeds intended for his own ends (and only incidentally, if at all, useful to the collectivity), the latter's authentically altruistic. The sad fact is that the trickster appears much more frequently in Indian lore than the culture hero.

We are faced here with what amounts to a traditional Indian representation of the phenomenon characterised in the modern Western world as the Intellectual in Politics. Like the Prankster-Trickster who would be a Culture Hero, and like the white radical intellectual or his black-skinned counterpart[33] on the contemporary scene, the militant Indian nationalist promises on the basis of uncertain credentials to lead his brothers—if they will but yield to his intellectual authority in the matter—to a utopian land in which history would be undone and the ignominious annals of the white civilisation of the alien Western World destroyed forever.

Of course, the modern Indian intellectual's vision, like that of his white and black counterparts, was doomed from the outset, based as it was on a fallacious notion of history and of the role of abstract ideas in political life. But even the lessons of recent events which provided broad hints of this truism seemed lost on the "Angry Nationalists" as they careened towards the "Second Battle of Wounded Knee" and a tragicomic denouement. Bewitched by the magic of the Prankster-Trickster, they did not see the parallels between their own course and that traversed such a short time before by the Black Nationalist movement, a course that began with defiant ebullience and ended in a defeatist mood of paralytic stagnation.

Yet all the signs were there. Like the "Black Power" movement, "Red Power" grew out of a rising tide of ethnocentric nationalism intent on "self-determination" and the total rejection of the values of white Christian civilisation. It happened as things seemed to be getting better for American Indians; and it preyed on white guilt. It brought forth its "peoples' saviours" to rescue the red-skinned sufferers oppressed by a colonising White America. It heralded a renaissance of "radical chic"; and practised the technique of manipulating the media in its staging of a revolution-*manqué* in the by now well-worn politics-as-street-theatre style. And "Red Power" shared with its black precursor a strikingly similar theoretical parentage. Its intellectual dialectic moved, inexorably, from its origins in a well-meaning statement of Cultural Nationalism in search of a new Indian pride, to the revolutionary rhetoric of a new wave of defiant, university-educated "braves" impatient with such tactics, and then to the uneducated and self-appointed vanguard of the slum-dwelling Indian urban *lumpenproletariat* who had a different and more sinister understanding of revolutionary consciousness in America.[34]

Surely, one felt, the play had been performed before. In the original 1890 events at Wounded Knee? Hardly. We had just seen it in the stirrings of the new tribalism in the Black Power movement of the 1960s. Only the stage set, the costuming, and the names of the leading actors had changed. With the arrival of Indian revolutionary theatre it was as if, as Tocqueville said of another historical recurrence,

> Men were fruitlessly endeavouring to warm themselves at the fire of [their] fathers' passions, imitating their gestures and attitudes as they had seen them represented on the stage. . . .[35]

[33] On the new class of black intellectuals and politics see, for example, Harold Cruse, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* (1967), and Martin Kilson, "New Black Intellectuals", *Dissent* (July–August 1969), pp. 304–310.

[34] On the Black instance of this development from cultural to revolutionary nationalism, see my "Black Power", in Maurice Cranston (ed.), *The New Left: Six Critical Essays* (1970), pp. 139–175, and my "The Panthers' Road to Suicide: A Black Tragedy", Encounter (May 1971), pp. 27–42.

[35] See Bruce Mazlish, "The Tragic Farce of Marx, Hegel and Engels: A Note", in *History and Theory* (XI, 3, 1972), pp. 335–38.

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Tocqueville was never able to take the actors very seriously. The whole phenomenon of revolution *en suite* seemed to him, as he wrote in his *Recollections*, "like a bad tragedy played by provincial actors."

THE ROUSSEAU OF THE NEW INDIANS was no less scathing a critic of the theatrical revolutionists than Tocqueville. He has written in praise of the unsung Indian reformer, who shuns "the spectacular dress and rhetoric of the militant" and strives to improve the Indians' lot "through knowledge, perseverance, and hard work." Deloria cites as an example he admires the career of civil-rights activist Hank Adams, founder of the "Survival of American Indians Association" and one of the original coordinators of the "Trail of Broken Treaties" caravan (which went to Washington on the eve of the 1972 Presidential election to publicise the need for a new national Indian policy). But *en route*, as Deloria acknowledges, the well-intentioned Adams and his reformist supporters saw their dream systematically dismantled. The militant American Indian Movement (AIM), in a scenario so often repeated in the revolutionary theatre, seized control of the caravan's reins. In the aftermath, there followed the spectacular occupation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs building in the nation's capital, and, even more sensationally, the débâcle of the 71-day occupation by AIM of the Wounded Knee (South Dakota) trading post, the site of the original 1891 massacre. It was in the light of this depressing train of events that Deloria recently observed:

> When the media collide with a social movement its chief contribution seems to be the simplification of issues and the creation of instant personalities. . . . As a result, accomplishments become fewer and fewer, and the public, satiated with its superficial understanding and oozing with sympathy, moves on to find another cause.[86]

It was a sad admission for the Indian Rousseau, whose writings in praise of the Indian past have sought to defend an uneasy intellectual frontier between the realm of Indian cultural nationalism and a no-man's-land of activist extremism. But at Wounded Knee the Rousseauian drama of a lost Indian past gave way to a sordid present reality. And the spare story of the authentic Native American whose return Vine Deloria sought so steadfastly to chronicle was replaced by a heavy Indian melodrama.

[86] Vine Deloria Jr., "The Most Important Indian", *Race Relations Reporter* (November 1974), pp. 26–28.

Fait Accompli

Summoned by clock and voice, by shunt of blood
And the bladder's demands, I get up. O.K., I get up.
Once up, I keep myself erect and stable,
A complicated walking process of sculpture

Made of piercings, chisellings, blows and smoothings.

These knobs and curves and purposeful empty holes,
That solid reclining in a stint of space,
The vertical emphasis from head to elsewhere—
Took time, took life. I wasn't built in a day.

So much accomplishment behind the eyes,
You'd almost say the creature was alive.
It reads, takes baths, reaches for bed or bread,
And is practising to be dead.

Elma Mitchell

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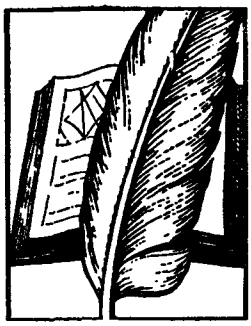

Column

I SUPPOSE there are not many things on which one can congratulate Jeb Stuart Magruder, recently released from prison after being convicted of perjury and obstruction of justice in the Watergate affair. But at least one can quite honestly congratulate him on writing a very good book.[1] *An American Life* might just as well have been called *An American Tragedy* if Dreiser had not already pre-empted the title. Indeed, there are many respects in which one might draw a comparison between Magruder's story and Dreiser's masterpiece, only it is a comparison from which one can draw very little comfort, because in Dreiser's book, for all its sordid tragedy, there still remained the possibility that one day the American dream might come true; it would be hard to find any in Magruder's.

The dust-cover of this edition shows a photograph of Magruder in what seems a moment of profound reflection, eyes closed, sensitive hands covering his eyelids, handsome head turned towards the microphones which point at him like accusing fingers. If I remember rightly, it is a still from the television recording of his appearance before the Senate Committee of enquiry into Watergate. What is he thinking of so deeply? The publicity leaflet accompanying the book quotes his own words: "I've damaged my own life, I've hurt those I love most, and I've helped deal a terrible blow to the political cause I believe in. . . ." But somehow the text does not fit the photograph, which suggests, not so much remorse, as a man wondering in painful perplexity how he came to occupy the shameful position in which he now finds himself. Or perhaps one might express the unspoken question better in words that might spring more naturally to his own lips or those of his colleagues in the White House: *How come we goofed?*

An American Life is really an attempt to answer this deceptively simple question, and it does so with admirable clarity and objectivity. Indeed it provides by far the best account I have yet read of the actual mechanics of Watergate, even though it is necessarily an incomplete one, because Magruder confines himself strictly to his own limited part in the break-in and the subsequent cover-up. And if the question at issue appears a simple one, so is the answer he gives. So far as Magruder and his superiors were concerned, up to a particular day in 1971, there was nothing in the situation at the White House which inspired anything except the greatest possible hope and confidence. No doubt there were difficult and urgent political problems at stake; but that is the job of a President and his staff had no doubt of his ability to handle them. Everything was under control and the White House held all the cards.

IT WAS AT PRECISELY THIS POINT, on Friday afternoon, 3 December 1971, that Fate, Providence, Chance, or whatever other power rules the destinies of individuals and nations, slipped a joker into the pack. It was in the person of G. Gordon Liddy, who on that day was introduced by John Dean to Magruder (then assistant director of CREEP), with a recommendation from the Attorney General that he should be appointed general counsel to that organisation. Among his duties, though in Magruder's eyes a subsidiary one, was the task of collecting political intelligence about the President's Democratic opponents in the forthcoming Presidential elections of 1972. "That's good, Gordon", Magruder said, "we definitely need some professional guidance in that area." From that moment the fate of Magruder himself, of John Dean, and of the entire Nixon administration was sealed.

For the joke was that Liddy, an ex-F.B.I. agent and a professed expert in subversive intelligence activities, was in fact a *fantaisiste* of the highest order; such characters abound in the murky world of political intelligence, and I have the greatest sympathy with Magruder in accepting Gordon Liddy at his face value. His plans for defeating the President's Democratic opponents were, in John Dean's words, "mind boggling." They involved "mugging squads, kidnapping, sabotage, the use of prostitutes for political blackmail, break-ins to obtain and photograph documents, and various forms of electronic surveillance and wire-tapping", and originally required a budget of $1,000,000 from the funds of the Committee to Re-elect the President. This was too much even for Magruder and his immediate boss at CREEP, John Mitchell, but even after the most bizarre features of Liddy's plans had been eliminated, he was still allocated a budget of $250,000 and assigned as his main intelligence target the Democratic National Committee and its chairman, Larry O'Brien. Magruder suggests that John Mitchell approved this programme because O'Brien was particularly active in prosecuting enquiries into the relations between the former Attorney General and ITT, and Mitchell was anxious to obtain any information which would discredit O'Brien.

[1] *An American Life: One Man's Road to Watergate.* By JEB STUART MAGRUDER. Hodder & Stoughton, £3.95; Atheneum Publishers, $10.

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THE OTHER JOKE about the "professional" agent, Liddy, was that in practice he proved to be a bungling and hamfisted amateur. The actual Watergate break-in was a masterpiece of incompetence, and none of the "intelligence" collected by his surveillance and wire-tapping devices proved to be of the slightest political value. Magruder's portrait of Liddy is indeed worthy of a major comic novelist. Once he told Magruder that one of his clandestine operations had been hampered by a street light which deprived them of the cover of darkness. "So what did you do?" said Magruder. "I shot it out", said Liddy calmly, and even Magruder could not restrain a sense of panic that such a man was a trusted employee of the White House. On another occasion, he appeared in Magruder's office with a heavily bandaged hand and said that, in order to demonstrate his immunity to pain and, if necessary, torture, he had burned it in a blow-lamp. Much later Magruder discovered that he had in fact passed it through the flame of a candle.

MAGRUDER'S SIMPLE ANSWER, then, to the mysteries of Watergate is the criminal folly of the White House in entrusting its fortunes to men like Liddy and his accomplices in the "plumbing" or "dirty tricks" departments. In a sense the answer is a sufficient one, but it also raises some interesting additional questions about the political outlook and attitudes of the White House and its staff. They were above all men who prided themselves on their professional political skill and expertise, and to a large extent this pride was not misplaced. One of the most interesting parts of Magruder's book is his account of the incredible technical complications involved in the planning and execution of CREEP's campaign to re-elect the President; it should be read by everyone who is interested in the machinery of how American politics actually work. Meticulously planned in every detail (except when Liddy's clumsy hand intervened) it was of course triumphantly successful, and won for President Nixon one of the greatest electoral victories in American history, carrying every state of the Union for him except Massachusetts. One cannot help sympathising with Magruder's rueful comment that, in the eyes of history, the scandal of Watergate will almost certainly overshadow the extraordinary political and technical virtuosity displayed in CREEP's campaign.

Part of the answer is that in the eyes of the political experts at CREEP and the White House, Liddy's operations were of only marginal importance. His budget of $250,000 for Watergate was only a drop in the ocean of the fund of $40,000,000 of which CREEP disposed; and his intelligence-gathering activities were really a "throw-away" job so far as the professionals at CREEP were concerned. What influenced them rather more seriously was that Liddy came to CREEP with the approval of the White House and this implied the approval of the President, which for them was no more to be questioned than the word of the Almighty Himself. For them, Liddy was in the position of some mediaeval court favourite, buffoon, or Lord of Misrule, licensed to commit any kind of mischief because it amused the Monarch.

In this case, however, it was not so much amusement that the Monarch and his court were after. Liddy's tricks and pranks were designed rather to satisfy some deep, almost pathological desire for revenge and the wish, not merely to defeat the Monarch's enemies, but to destroy them utterly. Magruder gives a vivid picture of a meeting in the President's office in the White House (on the morning of 5 November 1969) just a month after he had joined Haldeman's staff as an assistant to the President. The President was in an unusually relaxed and genial mood. Just two nights earlier he had achieved a great personal success by his announcement on television of his plan for the withdrawal of American troops from South Viet Nam; and now, like some victorious general, he had invited some of his staff in to thank them for their part in the victory. He was not merely genial, but exuberant. "Slumped contentedly in his chair, his feet up on his desk, a pleased smile on his face", the President indulged in a long monologue, in which he told his submissive audience that "in politics the best defence was a good offence; we'd floored those liberal sons-of-bitches with the TV speech and we'd never let them get back on their feet." And again: "We've got those liberal bastards on the run now; we've got them on the run and we're going to keep them on the run."

SUCH GENIAL WORDS epitomised the political philosophy which inspired the President and, through him, his staff. It was a concept of politics, not as a process of persuasion, debate, compromise, with an opposition which, whatever the outcome of the process, would still be there at the end of the day, but as an act of total war with the aim of converting the enemy into a disorderly rabble, to be hounded, hunted and harried in defeat until they would never be able to form ranks again or ever be in a position to offer effective resistance. In such an operation the employment of men like Liddy is just as necessary and justified as the use of spies, saboteurs and fifth-columnists in war.

Such an attitude has more in common with that of a Hitler or a Stalin than with that of any other President the United States has ever known.

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Even when actually engaged in a terrible Civil War Lincoln never displayed anything even approaching it. But it dominated the White House to such an extent that any other view of politics was tainted by the suspicion of disloyalty to the President and his cause. It was, moreover, an attitude which was fundamentally incompatible with the normal working of the Constitution of the United States. Sometimes, reading Magruder's book, it seems to one strange, and almost inexplicable, that all these men, who thought of themselves as essentially not so much Republicans (who after all include a certain proportion of fairly liberal sons-of-bitches) as Conservatives, pledged to the maintenance of the *status quo*, of law and order, of the traditional virtues of "Middle America", never for a moment seemed to realise that they were committed to a course which implied a total subversion of the Constitution.

YET THEIR COMMITMENT to such a course was so complete that, despite all their political professionalism, their cynical pragmatism, their belief that "anything goes" so long as it works, it gradually blinded them to the realities of their situation. They began to lose the sense of politics as the art of the possible, and to believe that nothing was impossible so long as one is tough and ruthless enough. The employment of a political hoodlum like Liddy, and approval of the methods by which he intended to operate and the objectives he hoped to achieve, was only one sign of such blindness. Again and again, in reading Magruder's narrative, one begins to feel that these men, with their obsessive compulsion to concentrate all power in the White House, and their contempt for anyone who had scruples about doing so, had ceased to live in the real world and had been translated into a world of fantasy in which even G. Gordon Liddy began to look like a normal human being. This element of self-delusion betrays itself even in the most insignificant reactions; as when, for instance, John Dean, on learning that Judge Sirica is to preside at the trial of Liddy and his accomplices, remarks; "Well, I don't know much about him, but he's a Republican so he'll probably be okay." Could anyone ever make a bigger mistake about "Maximum John"? And yet Dean was a lawyer, and prided himself on his knowledge of the American judicial system and was an acknowledged White House expert in all its intricacies and subtleties.

Finally the scales fell from their eyes, and gradually reality began to creep in. Nothing is more fascinating in Magruder's book than the process by which Watergate, at first a shadow no larger than a man's hand on the blazing triumph of the President's re-election, slowly spreads and grows darker until it threatens to blot it out altogether. One feels the conspirators' dawning sense of apprehension as they come to realise that the cover-up story for the Watergate break-in, however plausible, will not really hold together under serious investigation and that it only needs one witness to crack for the whole fraud to be exposed; the atmosphere of panic, mutual suspicion and impending disaster that closes in on them as the chinks in their elaborate armour are exposed; the realisation that this is no ordinary political mishap which can be solved by throwing a few scapegoats like Liddy or Hunt to the wolves but a total and irretrievable disaster in which all are involved, including the President himself; until in the end even loyalty to the President, the basis of their entire political existence, begins to crack and each one comes to see for himself that in so desperate a situation *Sauve qui peut* is the only safe cry and even this is not likely to keep him out of prison.

Magruder's story has all the elements of a Greek tragedy of *hubris* which has aroused the wrath of the gods and provoked its own punishment. It is all the more compelling because it is enlivened by an unexpectedly vivid gift of characterisation, so that all its varied *dramatis personae*—the Haldemans and Ehrlichmans, the Mitchells and the Colsons, the Deans and the Liddys—suddenly come to life, and we seem to see them as they really are. Until now, in press reports and on television, they have tended to look rather like some queer collection of animals in a zoo, whose habits and behaviour are indeed worthy of study but do not strike us as human. In Magruder's account they are all too human, and all the more so because he does not try to conceal his own personal likes and dislikes but at the same time does not let them interfere with the peculiarly cool and objective scrutiny to which he subjects the strange company in which he finds himself. Nor does he make himself out as either better or worse than the rest of them; he has succeeded very well in the difficult task of accepting himself as he is, or was, and his book is all the better for that.

AS AN EPIGRAPH to his book, Magruder has used a quotation from the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr., Chaplain of Yale, and earlier of Williams College, Massachusetts, where Magruder attended his course in ethics: "To be Jeb is terribly valuable at this moment. His experience has been an All-American one." It seems to me the one really silly sentence in the whole book, and I am not at all surprised that Dr Coffin's course in ethics seems to have done little to sharpen the young Magruder's moral sensibilities or kept him away from the road that

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led to Watergate. Indeed, I find it almost impossible to attach any meaning at all to Dr Coffin's words, and I cannot help feeling that if young men are subjected to this kind of intellectual influence at the university it is not at all surprising if they should choose to go the way Magruder went.

I am afraid that my suspicions are not mitigated by studying the Fall and Winter issues of *Daedalus*,[2] the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. It is a strenuous task as the journal comprises two massive volumes of nearly 400 pages each, and it would appear that almost every university of any distinction in the United States has been invited to contribute. No principles of editing or of selection appear to have been followed, and the Academy seems to have thought that, so long as it cast its net wide enough, the mere title of *American Higher Education: Toward an Uncertain Future* was quite enough to inspire its contributors to say something worth while.

And of course some of them do. It would hardly be possible that it should not be so, and yet I must confess that reading these two volumes has left me with a feeling very near to despair. This is not surprising, because it is a feeling which very many of the contributors share; while those who do not, seem to offer no very adequate reasons for optimism, however qualified. There is, however, another feeling which is common to many of the contributors. It is a kind of stunned incredulity, not unmixed with gratitude and relief, that the storm which recently raged on every American university campus has now abated, without doing any greater damage than it did. No one suggests any very good reason why this should have happened, except for the very obvious one of the withdrawal of United States troops from South Viet Nam. Even less does anyone suggest that the relative peace which now reigns on the campus is due to any positive action taken by the universities to control or master the storm, or that there is anything particular they could do if it were to recur. The general feeling appears to be that if, as many fear, it does recur, the universities will find themselves as defenceless against its ravages as they were in the first place.

Judged by this issue of *Daedalus*, the future of the American Universities is not so much uncertain as dark. Reading it, I must confess that if my education had fallen into the hands of most of its contributors I should have been much tempted to take the same path as Magruder took, though I hope with less disastrous results for my country and myself. *R*

[2] *American Higher Education: Toward an Uncertain Future*. Edited by STEPHEN R. GRAUBARD. *Daedalus*, Fall 1974, Winter 1975, $2.95 each.

THEATRE

Doubts about Ibsen

By John Weightman

WHEN THE COMBINED talents of Peggy Ashcroft, Wendy Hiller, Ralph Richardson and Peter Hall produce a rather dreary evening at the Old Vic, one wonders who is at fault. Oneself for failing to respond to all these proffered riches? The producer and performers for misunderstanding or perverting a masterpiece? Or the play itself for being something less than the great work it is usually said to be? I had never seen *John Gabriel Borkman* before and—to confess the whole truth—had never read the text or had retained only a faint memory of the plot from an adolescent acquaintance with *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, and so I settled into my seat in a neutral frame of mind tinged with anticipation. Here was Ibsen's penultimate play, and it was sure to be a remarkable experience, even if one's withers were about to be exhaustingly wrung. Ibsen, as we all know, was the man who put tragedy into modern dress, who exposed bourgeois *mauvaise foi* as being a phoney form of psychological insurance in the Godless world, and who revitalised the whole of European theatre with his ideas and poetic imagination. Shaw and Henry James considered him to be as good as, and possibly better than, Shakespeare. Moreover, he was the perfect example of the reviled and dogged genius who eventually imposed his vision even on his early detractors and lived to be a cultural monument in old age.

Well, the curtain went up and my disappointment was almost complete. The settings and dresses were austerely splendid, but what could have been more stagey than the situation in the Borkman household? Downstairs, Mrs Borkman was striding between her *chaise-longue* and the side-window, totally in the grip of her ruling passion, her adoration of her son, Erhard, who was simultaneously to remain tied to her apron-strings and restore the honour and fortunes of the family. Upstairs, John Gabriel, who had confined himself to one room for years in a state of Napoleonic near-dementia, was pacing heavily to and fro while waiting to be summoned back to greatness in the outside world. Meanwhile,

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he had not exchanged a word with his wife since he had been convicted of financial malpractice about a decade earlier. The household was kept going through the charity of Mrs Borkman's sister, Ella, who arrived presently to reveal, after some dark hints, that she was dying of an unspecified illness caused by grief. This grief, now more than twenty years old, was the result of her having been jilted by the great Borkman in favour of her sister and for reasons of ambition. Her only remaining desire was to live out her short remaining span with Erhard, whom she had looked after as a boy and to whom she intended to leave her fortune and her name. Tension between the two sisters; elegiac duet on defunct love from Ella and John Gabriel; Saint-Saëns's *Danse macabre* on the piano to underline the sinister intensity of all this.

Finally, a general confrontation in which the various knots were untied. Erhard announced that he was going abroad indefinitely to enjoy life as the lover of a wealthy divorcée, and the sound of the sleigh-bells faded away in the distance as they drove off. John Gabriel, charging out of the house for the first time in years, and in the dead of winter, climbed a mountain-side in the snow to die conveniently of heart-failure, after making a speech about iron-ore as a source of energy. Over his dead body, Ella and Mrs Borkman joined hands in wraith-like reconciliation.

I KNOW IT IS EASY to give a rapid summary of any tragedy in such a way as to make it sound like a melodrama. Lots of people have had fun with the plot of *Hamlet*, but while one may smile affectionately in retrospect at the strange convolutions of that play, the fact remains that, in performance, one's attention is held at every point by the precision and density of the poetic detail. There may be something rotten in the state of Denmark, but Elsinore is never in any danger of turning into Cold Comfort Farm; one is never tempted to laugh at the wrong moment.

But during this performance of *John Gabriel Borkman*, the audience guffawed several times at speeches that Ibsen must have written in all seriousness, and I found my attention wandering sadly at crucial points. When, in his final outburst of Nietzschean will-to-power, Borkman/Richardson was waxing ecstatic about mineral ore, instead of thrilling to the moment I was speculating uncomfortably about the actor's difficulty in getting some kind of rhetorical purchase on the slippery triphthong *"ohahuh"*, and thinking vaguely that the original Norwegian word must surely sound more effective. In fact, all the way through I was bothered by those commonsensical questions which should never arise to destroy the willing suspension of disbelief.

Why did Erhard have to live with his aunt as a boy, if the aunt was in any case supporting the household? *Answer:* because Ella has to have a maternal feeling for him, so as to increase the tension between herself and her sister. Why does John Gabriel remain shut away in one room for years without speaking to his wife, as if he were a Napoleon self-exiled in a domestic St Helena, when apparently he has no real feeling of guilt, being fundamentally an exponent of the amoral life-force? *Answer:* for the sake of the theatrical effect of his footsteps thudding on the ceiling in the conjugal silence. Why is the sub-plot with Foldal and his daughter Frida made to fit so neatly into the pattern? *Answer:* because Foldal has to be the failed poet to correspond to John Gabriel, the failed man of action, while Frida has to be on hand to play the *Danse macabre* and then to knock her poor old father over significantly as the sleigh carries her off south, to the sun, art, and sexual licence. Why do Borkman and Ella plod upward in the snow, when they could perfectly well stay indoors in what is after all her house? They are not inevitably exposed to the elements like Lear and his Fool. *Answer:* because the movement from the low to the high is generally held to be sublime, and snow is an image of the purity, beauty and cruelty of inanimate nature, and Ibsen has thought of no other solution but to make Borkman die as poetically as possible in the last act. Why do none of these symbols really work for me? *Answer:* because I see them slotting too obviously into place as the action progresses and tugging too directly at my heart-strings, while I remain uncertain about where the centre of the play is really meant to be.

SEVERAL CRITICS HAVE SAID that this production is novel and up-to-date in stressing the ironical element in the play, but I wonder where Ibsen himself intended the irony to appear, if at all.

He is certainly harsh and sardonic, but that is not quite the same thing. When Mrs Wilton explains that the young people are leaving the three old fogeys to stew in their own juice, there is nothing delicately lyrical in her declaration. She makes it clear that when she and Erhard have had enough of each other, he will be able to fall back on Frida. Frida, in other words, is being taken along as a spare wheel, and Mrs Wilton, being a self-centred female Nietzschean, has no more compunction about manipulating human beings than John Gabriel himself. She does it in her female way for immediate personal satisfaction, whereas he has projected his ego into a megalomaniac dream of industrial develop-

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ment. The opposition is not exactly between benighted elders who have messed up their lives, and clear-sighted, idealistic youth which is undoubtedly going to do much better. It is rather between fatigued, elderly egotism which has run into the sands, and bright youthful egotism which has not yet had time to understand the thinness of its own philosophy. Erhard is going off as the gigolo of a fairly mature *rentière*; he is amiably parasitical, whereas his father was aggressively predatory.

Whether Ibsen wants us to interpret the text in this way I am not sure. But he is certainly so much involved in what one can only call the Nietzschean atmosphere of the late 19th century (whether he got it from Nietzsche or invented it for himself) that he tends to equate goodness with weakness. There are only two "good" people in the play, Foldal and Ella. The first is a figure of fun and the second has spent over twenty years pining for a character who, according to Sir Ralph's reading of the part, is a slightly seedy, slightly dandified old buffer, more prone to listening to the echo of his own plummy voice than to what the other characters are saying.

Perhaps this is the crux of the matter. For the play to be really convincing on the tragic level, and so be worthy of the desperately poetic effects, Borkman would have to be in some sense "great." Sir Ralph plays him as three-quarters histrionic phoney, living in a dream of his own greatness rather than objectively great. Maybe Sir Ralph does this because he senses that the captain-of-industry type of figure, who has fiddled the books a bit to get on with his technological revolution and has sacrificed his true love in the power-game, no longer seems as grand to us as he may have done to Ibsen, in that earlier phase when self-realisation had not yet been discredited by so many unscrupulous, neo-Nietzschean self-realisers.

Alternatively, for Borkman to be truly moving and not simply posturing and bombastic, we would have to be given much more psychological detail, undistorted by blatantly theatrical devices.

SINCE I SAW THE PERFORMANCE, I have been racking my brains to discover why I found it so unsatisfactory, whereas the long BBC television study of Mr T. Dan Smith—a recent, real-life modality of Borkman—was quite fascinating, and even discreetly touching. The only explanation I can think of is that Mr Smith made no tragic claims for himself, nor did the programme on his behalf. In his lengthy self-analysis, Mr Smith presented himself wryly as someone who had had genuine difficulty in drawing the moral line between getting things done efficiently and oiling the wheels of democracy. I doubt whether, on being released from gaol, he will shut himself up in a top room in Newcastle to pace about for years with Napoleonic impatience. In fact, when last heard of, he was studying for his *A*-Levels, an activity which at first sight seems humdrum, but may on reflection appear more spiritually respectable than striking attitudes above one's spiritual station.

So, perhaps, the conclusion has to be that *John Gabriel Borkman* is not ironical enough. Coming fresh to the play seventy years after Ibsen's death, I feel that he is very far from having the universal impartiality of Shakespeare. He has an altogether more personal mind, and there is a discrepancy between the theatrical symbols he is manipulating and his own fundamental attitude. The symbols correspond to a philosophy which supposes lyrical sympathy with human nature in its more positive aspects, and he really has very little of that. Perhaps thoroughgoing black humour would have been his appropriate mode.

Excused

The best lesson in the place
Is lighthearted joy.

But I'm excused joy
Because of an old handicap.

When the others play lighthearted joy,
I sit aside and watch.

Gerda Mayer

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NOTES & TOPICS

"Plan Inca", or the Peruvian Revolution

Letter from Lima—By HANS HEIGERT

IT WAS the Day of National Dignity, but the President was unable to speak on schedule to the people, for an earthquake had shaken the city. The great ceremony was to take place a week later; but alas, the gods were still angry and the tremors came again. Among the broad masses whose Indian sense of equanimity is still mixed with elements of primitive magic these were indeed omens of the day. But in this large and dusty city of some 2½ millions I heard only bitter jokes.

For in point of fact the national ceremony was supposed to mark the anniversary of the occasion in 1969 when the American Oil Companies were expropriated. But now, among all the uncertain shakings and movings, came another upsetting factor—the Revolutionary Government had just concluded a treaty with Japanese firms to build a pipe-line over the Andes from the Amazon to the Pacific. And the Japanese, very clever businessmen that they are, managed to succeed in putting through a clause which made the Japanese courts responsible for the contractual obligations and fixed London as the scene for possible arbitration.

What was it except such so-called "un-Peruvian" arrangements that had led in 1968 to the downfall of the old Belaunde régime? A number of lawyers succeeded in unearthing these new "unpatriotic" facts and published them in one of the still tolerated opposition weeklies. But to be charged with being "unpatriotic" is the worst that can be said about one in Peru today. The Government is very much concerned with its reputation as a Force of the Left, of Anti-Imperialism, and of the True Revolution; it produces its daily propaganda dose against "foreign influence" and especially Foreign Capital trying to subjugate the country. Consequently, the lawyers responsible could be nothing but traitors and saboteurs and the worst species of anti-patriots. Five were thrown into jail and are awaiting prison sentences; others will be summarily expelled from their native land.

Since 1968 the Revolutionary régime of the Generals has been ruling the land, without a constitution and a parliament, and the fact that it is a Force of the Left has won it the especial interest and support of the intellectuals throughout Latin America. For a long time the President, General Velasco, enjoyed undeniable popularity. He had a gift for public opinion, with a penchant for sharp and shocking formulations, pronounced with a measure of wit and no little demagogy. To read the press (the "palace press" of course) is to read all about his energy, his lively eyes, and above all his fabulous condition of health (especially after the recent amputation of a leg). Be that as it may, it is clear that running a revolution becomes the Peruvian army general. Like most of the Army's officers (in contrast to the Admirals of the Navy, now mostly fired), he comes from poor circumstances; and the social background has determined the radical social reformism of the military régime. The idea is to create a "Peruvian Model"—something "between Socialism and Capitalism."

The scheme is not a complicated one. All the basic industries are to be (if they are not already) nationalised. This includes the ore-rich mines, the whole sector of oil and of fertiliser, the cement and paper industries, the vast fisheries, the electrical plants. Added to this is the whole of foreign trade, the banks and the insurance companies, and (needless to say) all large landed holdings. In the middle ranges of industrial enterprise, which has by now been almost completely nationalised, there is to be a system of Worker's Participation on the Yugoslavian model. Smaller businesses are still in private hands, but are hard put to fulfil all kinds of new social obligations (especially in the form of dividends to the workers in periods when no profits are being made). At the moment the smallest businesses, with no more than six

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employees and a commensurately small turnover, are being left in peace to get on with their affairs of buying and selling. This is the idea, and the original *Plan Inca* is said to have been devised by an imported Titoist theoretician.

WHAT DOES IT ALL LOOK like in reality? Quite different, of course. Obviously to realise such an ambitious social and economic reconstruction one needs an administration of the highest managerial talents. But except for a handful of experienced experts and officials these are—as almost always in such dogmatised projects—simply not available. Foreign capital (and its expertise) has been driven out, and one hears on all sides cries and moans about "Know-How." What private resources there are, or have been left over, do not remain within the borders of the country for long.

Simply saying that one is for jobs-for-everyone does not make it so, and Peruvian unemployment has been growing. The Plan called for an annual increase of some 250,000 new job-places, but the true figure is now lower than it was in 1968. Some 50 per cent of the population is still outside the machinery of the national economy. The country depends on exports, but exports have been declining (not merely in monetary values, but also in sheer tonnage). The annual rate of inflation is pretty close to the 30% mark these days. Even the police have come out on strike for higher pay (and were promptly repressed by the

Parameters of

Lima

WHAT *has happened to the Revolution? It has become stale, or even a little fat, very much divided and rather hysterical.*

There is something insipid now about the slogans born in the earliest days of radical change. "PERU IS ON THE MARCH!"—"THE NEW PERU"—"THE PERUVIAN REVOLUTION REQUIRES CO-ORDINATED ACTION, RESPONSIBILITY, INTEGRAL SECURITY." *The nationalistic tones are still in evidence—*"SOVEREIGNTY TILL THE LAST FIBRE OF OUR EXISTENCE!" "DRINK INCA-COLA, IT'S OURS!"—"OUR OWN PERU EXPORTS THIS FISH"—"THE PERUVIAN NAVY, ETERNALLY VIGILANT ON THE SEA."

One hears on all sides the stories of the various juicy scandals which have come to light recently—in the Nationalised Mines, in the Central Banking system, and above all in the "EPSA", the government's agricultural sales organisation. Somewhere in EPSA agrarian products in the value of some 50 million pounds (sterling) were illicitly disposed of abroad—which may explain why in sugar-rich Peru a pound of sugar has been so hard to come by. The Agricultural Minister was saddled with the blame, but a Revolutionary Government never explains, never apologises. I heard President Velasco merely observe at a press conference that he heard about the scandalous doings "en la calle", on the streets. Corruption can also be discerned even in the smaller matters of materialist advantage. The revolutionary military groups now constitute a "New Class" precisely in the sense Milovan Djilas meant it twenty years ago in Tito's Yugoslavia. Members of the armed forces, who also happen to have a civil government job, receive double salaries. One hears resentment about officers living in lovely houses, and on those meatless days a limousine can be seen pulling up and delivering special packages of chops and steaks. . . . "Should one really have expected," it was put to me," "that military men would behave in a modest and economically responsible way?"

The divisiveness has already shown itself in the open argumentation and shifting of cabinet posts. The Navy is against the illiberal course of events; young officers stand to the right of the left-wing Generals; the leadership cadres appear to be split among dogmatists and pragmatists. According to one journalist (a few days later I heard that he, and eight other colleagues, had been expelled from the country), "The Revolution can be said to be quite paralysed by the contradictory opposing tendencies within its own ranks. . . ." The much-cited "Parameters of Revolution" have become little more than another empty formula.

NOWHERE IS THE HYSTERIA *of the régime more in evidence than in its systematic attempts to repress freedom of political opinion. There are still political parties; but in a state which is run by a Revolutionary Leadership responsible to no Parliament, they are without influence. When the organisation of lawyers and judges charged that the new rules for so-called "Cooperation" were illegal and unconstitutional, they were accused of "treason" and "sabotage", and a number of leading jurists were sent into exile. As for the Press itself, last July General Velasco expropriated at long last the six leading daily newspapers of Peru. They had over the years become intolerably uncomfortable, and they were simply turned over to the various Social Forces—the commercial paper "El Commercio" to the farmers and peasants, "La Prensa" to the industrial workers, "Correo" to "education and culture." A hundred of the leading journalists and editors were fired on the spot (no time for golden handshakes), and a new class of free communicators put in charge. I could find no one who thought the papers had*

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Army after 3 days of Lima rioting.

The middle classes, no longer dominating public opinion, still have an influence through the system of "rumours" which circulate in the cities, and what is whispered serves as a kind of unofficial broadcasting network of news. Who can control and check what is true and untrue in all these stories? Does anybody know in such a propagandised society what real statistics and true data are? With a few well-placed connections to, say, high bank management, some Peruvians contrive to put themselves in the picture. But for the rest? For example, the Minister of Information—a General, like the rest of the Cabinet—could not supply me with the figures on illiteracy in the country at present (presumably something like 25 per cent), or the annual number of births, or the population increase of the cities. I spoke to one Peruvian (a revolutionary enthusiast at the outset, but now an embittered oppositionist) who said: "The Revolution has lost its morale. . . . It has become paralysed in its own parameters." Even in sonorous Spanish this sounds a bit grotesque, but therein lies the tragic element.

The word "parameter" belongs to the new vocabulary of all the Latin American revolutionaries. It is supposed to denote something fundamental in aspiration or programmatic intention, but soon functions only as a loose piece of rhetoric which covers up more than it reveals. The Peruvian slogans everywhere have to do with the "Parameters of Revolution."

the Revolution

become better or more interesting. The dead hand of officialdom is making itself felt, and circulations have all been falling. Only the weekly magazine, "Olga", suddenly gathered a new readership as the "expropriated readership" of a socialised press looked for a paper which might be a source of information and criticism; and another weekly, "Opinion Libre", struggled to fill the same gap.

"We are still for the Revolution", the Director of "Olga" told me, "but a revolution in freedom, a socialism with liberty. . . ." It was not a sentiment that was calculated to win friends in the Government. "Olga's" advertisers have been put under pressure, its editors receive regular visits from the police. As for "Opinion Libre" it was recently denounced as "a pack of ultra-Right oppositionists", and all it had been arguing in its editorial was the following; "Our essential principle is freedom—the freedom of the citizen to state his opinion openly, to be able to help organise political parties, to participate in voting for his government, to have a say in public affairs, to be protected by the civilised rules and regulations of a system of Law. . . ." At the end of November both "Olga" and "Opinion Libre" were shut down, and a number of its leading editors expelled from the country. In February the offices of two of the leading newspapers which had been expropriated by the Government were singled out by Lima rioters and completely burned down. The other, Government-controlled, newspapers attributed the disorders to "reactionary" and "counter-revolutionary elements." The next day two British correspondents for Reuters were put aboard a plane for Santiago, Chile.

THE REVOLUTION HAS BECOME *nervous. There have already been youthful demonstrations for press freedom, and there have also been peasant disturbances. The teachers are discontented. At the Universities the Professors belong to the camp of Moscow, the student leaders to Peking. One can hear all kinds of sharp-tongued political jokes being told and re-told in the various cities. The memory of free national elections is not yet dead, and the middle classes have not yet been eliminated. For up till now the Revolution has been dealing rather mildly with its opponents, and nothing worse than exile is on the present list of penalties and punishments.*

It is a strange Revolution in Peru: nationalist, socialist, with a touch of old-fashioned feudalism. What it wants to achieve is the usual utopia of a society with perfectly functioning institutions, realising man's highest ideals. But the reality is still a backward land somewhere in South America; and Jean-François Revel's "Iron Law of Underdevelopment" still applies: for the Revolution itself is inevitably "underdeveloped", and scarcity and poverty tend to issue in ever greater inequalities.

President Velasco is old and evidently ill; and knows his own days are numbered. "But", he says, "others will be coming to continue the Revolution." At his Press Conference one could see the court scribblers copying down every word faithfully. "We will not allow any division between the Armed Forces and the State, there will be no parting of the ways until all the People's Victories, achieved by the Revolution, are absolutely secure. . . . If we are not eternally vigilant then we will be faced by the spectre of counter-revolution."

After six years of a revolutionary régime these are not exactly the tones of an historic confidence in the Peruvian Model and its inexorable march onwards. One argument in its favour is, for now, the most convincing—the loyalty of the soldiers, and it is out of the barrels of their guns that power in Peru comes. When in February the Lima police, a para-military force, came out on strike for higher pay, the troops surrounded their barracks, opened fire and restored what even here is called law and order.

Theo Sommer

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What sociologist in California (or could it have been a mathematician in Heidelberg?) thought this one up? At any rate within the "Parameter" all true liberty would reign. But first there must be time to set up, establish, and secure all the "Parameters."

THIS PROCESS is perhaps best seen in the case of the Peruvian Press. Last year the Revolutionary régime nationalised the entire daily newspaper world. The motives are well-known. The capitalist press, monopolised in private hands, was neither telling the truth nor serving the people. It was therefore necessary to proclaim (and it was duly proclaimed) the "Re-Establishment of Authentic Freedom of the Press." The publishers were given some pieces of paper as compensation, and all the leading journalists were dismissed (some were liberals, others conservatives, a few even "old revolutionaries"). A new newspaper class was created, and a new Press establishment: the leaders of the official state combines among the farmers, peasants, trade unions, etc.

Even here there was more mythology than reality, for these organisations hardly exist as such, and what apparatus they have is not in a position to cope in any sophisticated way with the professional obligations of their new role. I tried to ask the General in charge of the Ministry of Information what in actual practice "authentic freedom of the press" would look like. On his desk there was a little bust of the first Tupamaro, the legendary Peruvian rebel Tupa Amaru II (executed in 1781); but Tupamaro piety didn't carry him very far. He had difficulty in being very precise. The question was put to him—What would happen if the *Campesinos*, the peasants in the new Cooperatives, should ask "their" newspaper to campaign for a rise in the low prices they have been getting, and if the Government opposed this? The General did not reply. But his face did appear to register a certain profound surprise as if such a dilemma were quite inconceivable in the forward march of the Revolution. After a longish pause he saved the situation with the following formula: "Everybody is always thinking of the interest of the Whole." Yes, doubtless; but meanwhile who would be responsible for defining what these interests were? Why, the Government of course! "Naturally we are for total participation, but that will take a little time." I had the impression that the General was a jovial man of good high spirits, but a little deeper down he was beginning to betray elements of caution and even uncertainty. Don't ask revolutionary Ministers of Information for real statistics or direct explanations. After all, although the régime has been in power now since 1968, "We are only at the beginning. . . ."

But one hardly needs official confirmation to be able to observe, sadly, that authentic press freedom of any kind simply does not exist. The few uncensored weeklies are limited to circulations of 50,000; and their editors have not had an easy time of it. I mentioned earlier the new Japan-Peru Oil Treaty, and there were a number of journalists —precisely in the spirit of the early revolutionary days—who polemicised against it. I happened to be among those who, one evening in Lima, sat around talking about this and other events of the day. The next day we learned that our Peruvian colleagues had all been summarily expelled, and were being dispatched abroad to exile. Such papers as managed to maintain a certain critical independence have now been definitively prohibited. The closing down of these weeklies received editorial ovations from all the Revolutionary Government organs. It was hailed as a good and necessary blow for "Authentic Press Freedom"—all, to be sure, within the Parameters of Revolution.

IS THERE ANY SIGN at all of a possible change of line or course? One suspects that the Revolution would have to go much further down this path before it could, if ever, come to its senses. The dogma of radicalisation is in the saddle. And, in any case, the country as it is is probably extremely difficult to rule and to govern well. Of the 14 million Peruvians one doubts whether there are more than 2 million who pursue what we would call gainful employment. Although 60% live in the cities, the other 40% live widely scattered in the countryside; but they keep on coming in, as Lima has probably a growth rate of more than 5% (mostly Indios, who make up half the population, and Mestizos, who make up a third).

It would be a romantic piece of populism to imagine that out of the People will come new impulses for change, correction, common sense, courageous self-criticism. This is an old land with a recorded history going back some eight thousand years, and most of it an unrelieved story of oppression and authoritarian dictatorship. There aren't many rays of hope to be obtained from studying the history of the Incas, or the Spanish conquistadores, or the modern captains of gold and power. The common people may still have a simple dream: to be rich; and in a land with such riches who is there to say that it could not be possible? But within the "parameters" of existing history they can exhibit only a tragic human indifference to the colour of each new dictatorship of the Powerful on Top. It is the "Plan Inca" of time immemorial.

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A Special Book Section

The Landscape of Art

At the Turner Exhibition

By George Steiner

"Our periodical writers, therefore, may save themselves the trouble of either blaming or praising: their duty is not to pronounce opinions upon the works of a man who has walked with nature threescore years; but to impress upon the public the respect with which they are to be received. . . ."

John Ruskin, MODERN PAINTERS

RUSKIN, to be sure, disregarded this injunction. In particular, he puzzled over the weakness of Turner's figures. With regard to "Phryne Going to the Bath" (1838), Ruskin, in his 1857 *Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House*, has this to say:

> Notwithstanding his deep sympathy and imaginative power, there was, throughout Turner's later life, an infirmity in his figure conception which has always been to me, out of the whole multitude of questions and mysteries that have come across me concerning art, the most inexplicable. With the most exquisite sense of grace and proportion in other forms, he continually admits awkwardnesses and errors in his figures which a child of ten years old would have avoided . . . all I can guess respecting it is, that he had got so much into the habit of weaving natural forms—rocks, boughs, and waves —into exactly the shapes that would best help his composition, that when he came to the unsubduable form in man or animal, he could not endure the resistance, and lifted features out of their places as he would have raised or dropped one window in a tower whose equalities tormented him; and wrung a neck as remorselessly as he would have twisted a bough, to get it into the light or shade he wanted. . . .

Of Turner's "Ariadne", Ruskin declared that it was the worst figure "perhaps that was ever painted by anybody." Visitors to the Royal Academy exhibition will think of other candidates: "Jessica" (which *The Morning Chronicle* for 3 May 1830 described as "a lady jumping out of a mustard pot"); the fisher women in the otherwise stunning "Calais Sands, Low Water, Poissards Collecting Bait"; the stilted, vaguely histrionic personages in so many of the mythological subjects or the 1820 "Rome from the Vatican: Raffaelle, accompanied by La Fornarina, preparing his Pictures for the Decoration of the Loggia", in which even the Raphael figures, as reproduced by Turner, are all wrong.

There may be another explanation, also inseparable from Turner's peculiar genius. The convincing rendition of the human figure, particularly in a landscape, depends in large part on scale. And it is precisely matters of scale which seem to have engaged at once the best and the worst of the energies of feeling of romanticism and post-romanticism. The 19th century, here at its most distinct from the neo-classical precedent, develops "titanic" forms and executive conventions. Symphonic and sonata-structures expand immensely as between the early Beethoven and the works of Bruckner, Mahler, Busoni. In opera, the entirety of a rococo performance can fit into one act of *Parzival*. The 19th-century novel, individually as in George Eliot, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, or as in the majestic *romans-fleuves* and series of Balzac, Trollope, Zola, attains enormous dimensions. So many of the emblematic characters produced by the 19th-century imagination—Manfred, Jean Valjean, Heathcliff, Captain Ahab, Wotan, Peer Gynt, Zarathustra—are larger than life. Carlyle's Danton is a representative instance. Everywhere dimensions explode, aiming at the sublime, at the grotesque or at that interaction of both which Victor Hugo found to be the special genius and meaning of both romanticism and the modern drama of sensibility.

THE UNDERLYING NOTION is that of the "epic", in a formal sense, and more loosely, as a shorthand for immensity. Too little attention has been paid to the obsession with the epic apparent in romantic as well as Victorian literature: in Wordsworth's *Prelude* and *Excursion*, in Hugo's *Légende des siècles*, in Browning's *The Ring and the Book*, in Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* or Hardy's *The Dynasts*. Romantic aestheticians, the writers themselves, are eloquent in arguing that the epic is an obsolete form, that neoclassic imitations of Homer and Virgil were fallacious experiments. Yet the instrumental presence in English 19th-century poetry is that of Milton, and the epic configuration organises even such "private" or parodistic forms as Byron's

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Don Juan and Whitman's *Song of Myself*. In short, there is a constant, central problem of 19th-century "titanism"—an ugly word shared, felt as pivotal, by artists as far apart as Goethe, Victor Hugo, and Mahler.

ONE CAN GUESS at some of the impulses behind this aggrandisement—the adversary would say "inflation", "elephantiasis"—of lyric, narrative, philosophic, representational modes. The artist has to compete with a novel density of historical and social experience, with the intensification and dramatisation of everyday occurrence which, Hegel said, was the deepest consequence of the French Revolution. To make a counterstatement to the account of reality, of the meanings of man, provided by such historians as Michelet (himself, explicitly, "epic") or by the new sociologies of Marxism and positivism, the artist, the writer must find large-scale, totalising proportions and totalities of vision. He is competing also with the fascination, with the unprecedented noise-levels and claims on nervous attention, of the modern metropolis, of that "sea of roofs" which is, very probably, the principal act of 19th-century civilisation. He too must create large "worlds", be a masterbuilder, a captain of words or plastic forms rivalling the captains of industry. In Balzac's view of his own person and practice, these challenges and analogues are fully set out. Industry is, of course, crucial. The sheer dimensions of the new factory, the scale of speed and output made possible by the new technologies, dwarf the classic scale of mercantile existence. City and industry, the city as the cadre of the industrial leviathan, alter the inner landscape as radically as they do the outer. It will be the foremost task of poetic and historical intelligence, from the time of Blake to that of Dickens, Marx, and the Impressionists to try and cope with this change.

In a sense nothing was more paradoxical, more formally awkward, than the attempt, often subconscious, to weld the new immensities, the new dynamics of revolutionary and industrial experience to the conventions, inevitably archaic, of the literary epic. In Carlyle's *French Revolution*, even, at times, in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, the declared epic programme and enforcement of grandeur leave one thoroughly uncomfortable. But the paradox, with its implications of enormous scale, was an attempt to give shape to unprecedented strengths and fragmentations of material. Immensity was, where honestly produced, an attempt at order, at a new and condign proportionality. To link such immensity with that of the classic or Miltonic epic was to establish continuity in a period of rupture and drastic transitions of which even we, schooled as we are to rapid change, have only an imperfect realisation. As both Goethe and Hegel stressed, to have lived before 1789—and to be alive after 1820—was, literally, to have passed through several worlds, time-scales, landscapes of being. The figures of transition are, therefore, at once among the most vulnerable and creative.

NOW IT IS JUST THIS USE of scale, of epic format to resolve contrastive frames of reference, to order transitional values, which strikes one as one visits and revisits the Turner show. Of course neo-classicism had known great pictorial size. The 18th century covered walls and ceilings with vast historical, allegoric compositions.

But when one compares dimension, "largesse" in Turner's masters—Titian, Poussin, Claude, Salvator Rosa—with the scale in Turner, the difference is intense. It seems to emerge between 1810 and 1812, between "The Fall of an Avalanche in the Grisons" and "Snow Storm: Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps." Though the latter canvas is big by any standard (57 x 93), the scale is more than a matter of measure. It stems from the enormous dramatisation of Turner's spaces, from the ways, luminous, textural, chromatic, in which space is made, somehow, expansive, drawing the eye into whirling, animate recesses. "Snow Storm" is famous for its vortex, for the whorl of light and dark which dominates the scene like an immense water-spout. Hints of that characteristing spiralling appear very early in Turner's work, in the "Fishermen at Sea" of 1796, in the 1804 "Boats carrying out Anchors and Cables to Dutch Men of War." But it is with the depiction of Hannibal, an epic theme *par excellence*, that Turner's "vorticism" and the vastness of scale associated with it really declare themselves. The consequence is a necessary, characteristic diminution of the figures, human and, in this instance, animal. The elephants are like miniatures, dwarfed by enormities of light and tempest.

THE EPIC MOTIFS are crucial also in a formal sense. Homeric-Virgilian material abounds in Turner's work. Like nearly all of his contemporaries, Turner reads Homer through Pope, in whose own reading the *Aeneid* is a constant "control" and ordained interposition. These amalgams can be seen in "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" of 1829. It is not only the Nereids playing around Ulysses' vessel which are un-Homeric, but the entire coloration, with its suggestion both of Augustan grandeur and Tiepolo. It is with Virgilian rather than Homeric motifs that Turner, precisely like Berlioz, identi-

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fies his own sense of the epic, and of the bearing of the epic on the history of his own day.

Again, like many of his contemporaries, Turner envisions the conflicts between Carthage and Rome as being figurative of those between France and England. The analogy was by no means uniform or stable. Englishmen of the early 19th century had inherited from their Augustan predecessors an almost automatic equivalence, symbolic, stylistic, between Rome and their own expanding empire. The French pretence to such equivalence, in the guise of Napoleonic imperialism and of the entire *Empire* ambience, made the struggle between the two powers the more bitter. But no less than Blake or the Coleridge of the "Ode to the Departing Year", Turner found the parallels between Britain and Carthage often more cogent, more ominous than those between Britain and Rome. He sensed in Britain's victories, in her mercantile rapacity, in the slave trade, threatening similarities to the Punic power, to the greed and paralysis of moral feeling which doomed Carthage to destruction. The Virgilian treatment of Dido and Aeneas, itself ambivalent, itself a witness to a complex view of the long wars between Rome and Carthage, meshed with Turner's reflections on England's role both in the Napoleonic conflicts and at home. The result of this many-layered reflection can be seen in the intensely disturbing, monitory "Regulus" and in "The Burning of the Houses of Parliament" (a more complete response would, in fact, have to show the identifications not merely between the pride of London and that of the doomed Carthage, but between London and Troy, which begot Carthage, indirectly at least, and was linked to it via Aeneas). Once more, and necessarily, the human figures are dwarfed or stylised into an anonymous compaction.

BUT IF THE Homeric-Virgilian material and the moral analogies between Rome-Carthage and contemporary events generated an epic dimension, so did the new industrialism. Turner's imaginative apprehension of the Industrial Revolution is no less acute, no less inventive of allegoric, dramatic counters than is Blake's. The absence from the exhibition of "Rain, Steam and Speed" makes it difficult to follow what was a gradual, cumulative process towards mastery of the new technological landscape. But "Keelmen heaving in Coals by Night" (1835) or the famous "The Fighting Temeraire" make the point overwhelmingly. The new world of iron, coal, steam, combustion, a world transitional from that of cart and sail, is shown simultaneously in its fierce, novel impact and in its derivation from an environment still, in essence, classical.

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INTRODUCTION BY MILLARD MEISS

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The coherence is achieved by epic allusion and by epic scale (there is more than a hint of the forge of Hephaestus or of dark Avernus in the treatment of the "Keelmen"). But it is a coherence which is nearly always momentary, unstable, histrionic, even left incomplete (Turner's notorious technique of working up a picture on varnishing day). And it enforces modes of sight, of spatial disposition which beggar or distort the human person.

One might add, perhaps, that this "titanism", this impulse, had its counterpart, as in other 19th-century masters, in the dimensions of Turner's output. Literally "dizzy with work", Turner left some 19,000 drawings at the time of his death. The British Museum owns some 250 sketchbooks. More than 700 engravings of Turner's works were published during his lifetime.[1]

YET ONCE ONE HAS SAID all this in an attempt to throw some light on what Ruskin called "the most inexplicable" of aesthetic mysteries, a feeling of contradiction arises. Turner the "Titan", the painter of epic immensities, was also an exquisite miniaturist. His first schooling was in architectural topography, with all its minute clarities of proportion. Though he would, at times, resort to "gargantuan sheets of paper" for his water-colours, he was also a master of intimacy, and his water-colours, even at their largest, have a lightness, a delicacy of touch which make of Turner a rival to the Chinese artificers of the 14th century. The "Study of Three Mackerel", the "Two Trees in a Landscape" of *c.* 1828, "The Rigi: Pale Grey and Yellow" (597 in the Catalogue) are wonders of translucent exactness. "A Meet", one of the Petworth series, in bodycolour on blue paper, has the discreet finesse, the *pointillisme* of a Chinese sketch.

In the exhibition, I have found myself going back again and again to a tiny aquarelle, *c.* 1835, "Two Figures on the Sea Shore." It is inexhaustible in its economy. Two dots come alive against a crystalline purity and concentration of space. But here again, where we are at the opposite end of the scale, the human body, in its articulate roundedness, is all but eliminated.

IF THERE IS A CONSTANT which relates Turner's epic magnitude to his "intimism", itself suggestive of Watteau and of the *chinoiseries* of Watteau's period, it can be found in Turner's handling of water. As everyone knows, water, from the oceanic to the raindrop, is obsessive in Turner's work. The unprecedented rendition of seas in the extremity of storm alternates with minutely luminous studies of rivers, tarns, inland washes of still water, the play of drizzle against air and surface, the texture of waterfalls and mill-races. Of "the earth earthy" said Lamb of a passage in Shakespeare. Turner's appropriation of water, in every life-form, is equally penetrative. The trouble is that there lies between us and the fact of Turner the eloquence, the sheer volume of Ruskin's re-enactment. For it is that: a persistent, ever more ambitious re-enactment in language of the visions of water in Turner's paintings, water-colours, sketches. It is Turner's analysis of the dynamics of wave and current, of tide and foam, which quite literally determines the motion, the acoustic effects of Ruskin's prose.

Ruskin's peculiar virtuosity increases as does his absorption in Turner's "marines." Thus it is fascinating to trace Ruskin's own verbalisation of waves and wave-effects from *Frondes Agrestes* to vol. I of *The Stones of Venice* and the *Notes on the Turner Gallery*. "The seas seem crushed," says Ruskin of one of Turner's storm-scenes. "The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave" (and how exemplary, for the repertoire of sensibility in both Turner and Ruskin, is the implicit allusion to Shakespeare's "yeasty waves").

Or take one of the many set pieces in Ruskin's commentary on *The Harbours of England*, a volume of Thomas Lupton's engravings from drawings by Turner (1856):

> There is invariably a feeling about his vessels of strange awe and danger. . . . He had seen the sea feed her white flames on souls of men. . . . He hardly ever painted a steep rocky coast without some fragment of a devoured ship, grinding in the blanched teeth of the surges. . . . Steel gauntlet, black rock, white cloud, and men and masts gnashed to pieces and disappearing in a few breaths and splinters among them;—a little blood on the rock angle, like red seaweed, sponged away by the next splash of the foam, and the glistering granite and green water all pure again in vacant wrath. So stayed by him, for ever, the Image of the Sea.

[1] Among the books currently available on Turner's work are:
The Sketches of Turner R.A.; 1802–1820: Genius of the Romantic. Turner's Early Sketchbooks: Drawings in England, Wales & Scotland, 1789–1802. Edited by GERALD WILKINSON, Barrie & Jenkins, £7.50 each.
Turner, 1775–1851: Catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition. Forewords by MARTIN BUTLIN and ANDREW WILTON. Tate Gallery Publications, £3.50, paper £2.
Water-Colours from the Turner Bequest. Edited by MARTIN BUTLIN. Tate Gallery Publications, £3.15.
Turner: Early Works. By MARY CHAMOT. *Turner: Later Works.* By MARTIN BUTLIN. Tate Gallery Publications, 40p each.
Colour in Turner, By JOHN GAGE. Studio Vista. £4.80.
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Turner. By GRAHAM REYNOLDS. Thames and Hudson, £2.50, paper £1.95.

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Such passages, or the famous prose-poem on "The Slave Ship"—

> Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight—and cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea—

do, in one sense, translate the "lavish and overwhelming power" of the original. But in another sense they interfere with and even omit decisive aspects. Ruskin, elsewhere so prophetically observant of the ravages of industrialisation, does not seem to notice how subtly Turner achieves effects of pollution. If "The Slave Ship" is a picture of apocalyptic warning, an allegory of inhumanity, it is also a view of the sea made dirty, scummed, by the most extreme of commercial depredations. Comparable suggestions of industrial pollution, of waste product and the sheen of oil and dye, can be felt in the "Keelmen Heaving Coals" and "The Fighting Temeraire" (another of the notorious absentees from the Royal Academy show).

IT IS THE LACK of such pollution or the co-existence of supreme commercial and marine energy with a primal loveliness of waters which gives a special magic to Turner's views of Venice (some of the best of which are, like a good many other pictures at Burlington House, meanly hung, crowded and difficult to see). Here was, in retrospect at least, a queen of trade and ocean, before the grime of steam and oil.

Turner's studies of light in Venice are, almost explicitly, a pastoral, a vision contrastive with that of the new world of mercantile force. Hence their deepening "distance", their recession into shimmering, somnambular brilliance. Looking at such late works as "Venice with the Salute" or "View in Venice" (536–537 in the Catalogue), one is, naturally, led to think of Whistler and Monet. That Monet in particular is, even at his boldest, an "extension" of Turner is a notion made commonplace by the gathering, in one array, of Turner's final, experimental achievements. But the sense of modernity goes further. Consider the "Two Studies on One Sheet: a Cloudy Sky over the Sea; and a Stormy Landscape" of *c.* 1817, and the astonishing "Three Seascapes on One Canvas", *c.* 1827. The comparison with Rothko, the thought that Rothko's horizontals, smouldering reds and paradoxical distributions of weight are already present in Turner, is almost inescapable.

Yet strong as they are, these suggestions ought

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never to obscure the depth of Turner's rootedness in his own complex, transitional age. He is a contemporary of Goethe, whose anti-Newtonian theory of colours he tests in "The Morning After the Deluge" of 1843. If Turner labours to arrest the motion within a waterfall, the "frozen tumult" at the brink, so, in words, did Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley. Like Berlioz, Turner seeks to conjoin a classic culture, highly literary in its conventions, with new autonomies of non-verbal form. And as in Berlioz, so there are in Turner lapses of taste, of proportion, typical of the romantic movement and its aftermath.

The cant phrase "genius but little talent" applies, roughly at least, to the decisive figures of the 19th century, to those who felt compelled to compose on a scale commensurate with the pressures of revolution, political and industrial. The Turner who writes verse in studious imitation of Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, and the Turner whose paintings anticipate abstract expressionism are one and the same. The difficulties of perspective are ours, and they contribute much to the fascination of this bicentennial.

The Purpose of Art History

By Edward Lucie-Smith

AMONG THE ACADEMIC DISCIPLINES, art history is a comparative newcomer. Its origins are not altogether respectable. Towards the end of the 19th century, there was a *mésalliance* between science and aesthetics. A child was born, to which Mammon stood godfather. It was this infant which grew up to be the art history we know today.

Though the scope of art history has widened greatly during the ninety years or so which it has spent establishing itself as a field of serious study, for various reasons the most characteristic product of the professional art historian remains the detailed study devoted to the work of a single artist. In their most stringent form, these studies are *catalogues raisonnés*, in which every known work by a particular master is listed, illustrated and discussed. I have two magnificent recent examples before me at the moment—the revised edition of Sir John Pope-Hennessy's *Fra Angelico*, and the long-awaited *Georges de la Tour* by Benedict Nicolson and Christopher Wright. In addition, there is a work of narrower scope but no less stringency, Ruth Bromberg's catalogue of *Canaletto's Etchings*.[1]

The last shows art history at its most thorough. Miss Bromberg discusses and illustrates every print by Canaletto's hand that is known to exist. She describes the various "states" in which the etchings are to be found, and provides further illustrations which let us see for ourselves the alterations which the artist made when he reworked the plates.

Prints are peculiarly susceptible to this kind of approach. They usually exist in several, and often in many, examples; and the alterations made to them exist, so to speak, successively. It is not a question of the artist covering up or painting over what does not please him. Every time he makes a change he must take a new impression, and if we put these impressions side by side we can see the progress of his thinking. It is this which Miss Bromberg enables us to do.

TO WHAT END? The book is superbly produced (indeed all the volumes I have so far mentioned are a credit to their publishers), and, if one cannot afford the originals, then the plates enable one to come as near to these as possible. Intellectually speaking, however, this study does not seem to tell me anything very interesting. Like many 18th-century Venetians, Canaletto had an idle fancifulness, exemplified here by some of the *capriccio* views. But it is difficult to detect any particular standpoint. Indeed, he seems to have remained carefully neutral with regard to his subject matter. The pleasure to be got from his best work—the "Stonemason's Yard" in the National Gallery is a good example—is the slow permeation of reality, the way in which one's sense of sight gradually seems to be drenched by the scene which the artist has depicted. His unhurried portrayal of what is there, and his refusal to make any comment, creates for the spectator an experience which transcends the purely topographical interest of the views themselves. It even transcends the seduction of Venice and its lagoon.

The quality I am trying to describe exists in Canaletto's prints as well as in his paintings. It is strongly present, for example, in the view of the locks at Dolo, Here we see, not the pageant of the Grand Canal, but a quiet country back-

[1] *Canaletto's Etchings*. By RUTH BROMBERG. Sotheby Parke Bernet Publications, £15, $42.00.

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water, with a *burchiello*, or passenger barge, moored to the quay, and a woman making pillow-lace in a patch of shadow. Beyond her, under an arch, there is a butcher's shop.

The scene is utterly everyday—or, at least, it was commonplace when Canaletto chose to depict it. It is only the passage of two centuries which makes us find anything exotic in what the etching shows. Even so, anyone who knows Venice and the surrounding countryside will recognise the precision with which the artist has rendered the fall of light—a particular kind of light colliding with a particular kind and texture of façade.

From the aesthetic point of view, what does the description of the various states add to our appreciation and understanding of the print? The answer is "not very much." We see, from the minute changes he makes, that Canaletto was aware that the plate was primarily a statement about light, and we see how he sets about strengthening and clarifying certain details. Where, in other plates, more radical changes are made, the effect is not always so reassuring. We see how the artist chops up, and occasionally crops, his compositions in order to reduce them to more manageable proportions. They are not improved as a result, and we get a glimpse of the journeyman quality of Canaletto's approach to his art, which is in any case abundantly visible in the numerous stereotyped paintings that he produced in the latter part of his career.

In terms of the effort which has gone into making the book, we must therefore look for justifications which are beyond or outside mere matters of aesthetics. The first of these is both very simple and very human. Miss Bromberg has been possessed by the desire to obtain complete knowledge of some subject, however limited and trivial that subject may seem to be. In this she is at one with a great many other art historians, who equate this kind of total knowledge with the topmost peaks of professional merit. If she tells us rather more than we wish to know about Canaletto's etchings, it is because she is obeying the rules of a particular game. The rules, in turn, are created by particular kinds of compulsion—psychological on the one hand, and professional upon the other.

HOWEVER, IT IS NOT the accumulation of knowledge, but the way in which that knowledge is presented, which brings us to the question of money. I have said that Mammon stood god-father to present day academic art-history. It was the great American collectors, such as Isabella Stewart Gardner, who financed the researches of Berenson and his rivals. Attributions and certificates of authenticity were traded

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for the cash which enabled the scholar, not only to pursue his studies, but to do so in circumstances of reasonable comfort. The situation is rather different today, and the relationship between art-historical scholarship and money is not always either so crude or so direct. Nevertheless, wherever art is, money sooner or later makes its voice heard.

The splendid presentation of Miss Bromberg's book is redolent of money—money well spent, we may think, where the quality of the printing and the typography are concerned. It would be naive to pretend that all this is quite unconnected with the fact that Canaletto's prints are avidly collected. The catalogue is published by a great auction-house, and it is dealers and private collectors who will buy it, as well as reference libraries. For the mere amateur of the arts it is probably too much of an extravagance.

As any dealer or auctioneer will tell you, the buying and selling of works of art is as much connected with the pursuit of certainty as it is with the pursuit of beauty. In the field of contemporary art, we pursue the certainty that we are right, that we have bought the works which future generations will appreciate. The early purchasers of paintings by Francis Bacon bask not only in the pleasure that these bring them, but in a sense of justification, more soothing even than the envy of those who failed to take the plunge at the correct moment.

Where works by the Old Masters are concerned, the certainty we pursue is certainty of attribution. But not of attribution alone. The quest has been extended further. Not only do we wish to be sure that the painting or sculpture concerned is in fact by the man whose name we attach to it, but we want to be able to assign at least approximate dates to each item in his production, so that his *oeuvre*, surveyed in chronological order, presents a convincing whole. Thus each attribution is made to support the others.

In the case of the very greatest artists, or at least of the rarest, whose works for the most part have already entered public collections, the pursuit of certainty has managed to detach itself, to a large extent, from the demands of the marketplace, and is undertaken for its own sake. One sometimes wonders if what is involved is really a search for aesthetic truth, or if the whole thing is not in the process of becoming entirely self-referring and self-sufficient.

THE NEW EDITION of Sir John Pope-Hennessy's *Fra Angelico*[2] shows a formidable intellectual rigour, as well as an undoubted

[2] *Fra Angelico.* By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY. Phaidon, £17.50.

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elegance of mind. Sir John has chosen to study a quattrocento artist whose gifts have been obscured by his legend. Fra Angelico is one of the few Renaissance painters who are still surrounded by a haze of sentimentality. He was sentimentalised by early biographers, most notably Vasari, and the process was completed by the enthusiasts of the 19th century—precisely those people, indeed, whom Berenson was concerned to expose. Sir John penetrates the haze, and within it finds an intellectual. Indeed, one is tempted to say that he finds an intellectual not unlike himself.

In every respect, the new edition of his book is a model of its kind. The arguments are deployed in a masterly fashion. We see how one phase in the artist's work grows naturally from another. We are offered criteria for distinguishing the work of the master from the work of his pupils and followers. More than this, we are offered a plausible theory as to what Fra Angelico himself intended to do.

The paintings which Sir John singles out for special attention and praise are interesting and revealing in more than one way. He is particularly fond, for example, of the "Annunciation" at Cortona. He calls this Fra Angelico's "first indubitable masterpiece" and his normally austere style warms when he describes it. "The Angel's wings", he says, "so disposed that the forward tip falls in the very centre of the panel, have a sweep and grandeur that are indeed miraculous."

It is not the concluding adjective, however, which gives a clue to his interest. What he admires equally with the "mystery" of the picture, and its "infectious earnestness", is the manipulation of space—the relationship between the two figures and their architectural setting.

What must strike the reader is the fact that he is able to deal with the spatial interplay in some detail, but that the mystery and the earnestness are things which even he must leave us to take on trust. Of course, we can check our impressions against his own by looking at the numerous and excellent illustrations.

What we seem to discover from the *Fra Angelico* catalogue is that this kind of art-historical writing straddles two concepts. On the one hand, the method is apparently scientific. Upon the other, a great many of the conclusions we are offered are based upon sensibility.

THIS CURIOUS DICHOTOMY appears yet more clearly in the new *catalogue raisonné of* the work of Georges de la Tour, which is the work of Benedict Nicolson and Christopher Wright.[3] As Nicolson points out, La Tour is a rediscovery

[3] *Georges de la Tour.* By BENEDICT NICOLSON and CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT. Phaidon, £20.

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of this century, and we owe the exhumation of this 17th-century Lorraine artist to the impact of modern art:

> the peculiar stylisations of the mature La Tour could hardly have been esteemed before the birth of Cubism, and as we know from other cases, connoisseurship has the best chance of permanent enshrinement in the storehouse of knowledge when contemporary art forces us to look at the past with fresh eyes.

One result of La Tour's long neglect is that we know very little about his life—certainly not nearly as much as we know about Fra Angelico. What we do know tends to make him out to be a rather unpleasant character. He was of *petit bourgeois* origin, married well, and became financially successful. In 1646, a petition submitted by the inhabitants of Lunéville, where he lived, complained that La Tour was "making himself obnoxious to everyone by the great number of dogs, greyhounds and spaniels he keeps, acting as though he were Lord of the Manor, sending his dogs after hare into the standing crops, which they trample down and ruin." There is evidence that he refused to help the poor when famine was raging, and that he beat up a sergeant-at-arms, and later did the same to a peasant who was so badly injured that he had to call in a doctor.

The small number of paintings that survive, about thirty-five altogether, contradict the documentation with their severity, their calm and their compassion.

The task which Messrs Nicolson and Wright have set themselves is therefore to make sense of this surviving body of work which exists in a kind of limbo. Their approach to the task is engagingly personal. In a preface, they describe how they

> travelled all over France, and to the United States as far west as Detroit, together in pursuit of La Tour. We never tired of discussing every aspect of the problem on long train journeys and once nearly came to blows, at Bergues; one wonders if Crowe ever came to blows with Cavalcaselle, or Thieme with Becker.

The personal note is not struck in the preface alone. We seem to hear it again in Nicolson's description of the famous "Job mocked by his wife" at Epinal: "Job sits on an even lower stool than the flea-catcher, listening to the blandishments of a Lady Macbeth of a wife, knowing there is cruel truth in her words, such as only a wife utters." Looking at the illustration, and remembering the painting from the 1972 exhibition at the Orangerie in Paris, one is tempted to disagree—the woman's gesture seems more compassionate than denunciatory.

In the long run it doesn't matter who is right

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about this particular point, just so long as one remembers that the authoritative format of the book is still a shrine to enthusiasms and judgments which cannot, in the end, be tested against any objective standard of measurement.

Of course, the authors are keenly aware of this, and they try to guard against their own fallibility by every means at their disposal. They have studied the paintings themselves long and lovingly. They have looked at them in different lights, and they describe how a change of lighting, when the pictures had been taken down from the walls after the Paris exhibition, caused them to revise many of their previous judgments and led to some hasty rewriting before their book was sent to press.

Their main advantage, as compared, say, to the reader who looked at the Paris exhibition with some care, and who now tries to use his memories of this as a means of cross-checking Wright and Nicolson's conclusions, is not only that they have involved their own sensibilities so deeply with that of the artist they have chosen to study, but that they have examined his work again and again, noting, for example, that, in one of two versions of a particular composition, both of which they believe to be the autograph, there is a certain harshness in the painting of the cuffs of some of the figures, which leads them to place it earlier in date.

It seems entirely appropriate that La Tour's work should be looked at with such loving attention, since he is a poet of sight. One of the fascinating things about painting, as opposed to literature, is that it much more easily and readily redeems the base and trivial. A good example is the painting by La Tour which shows a girl catching fleas by the light of a candle. The girl is not pretty, and the subject is the opposite of elevating. The composition itself could not be simpler. Yet the whole thing has a nobility which it takes little effort to recognise.

Similarly, the painting of "The Beggar's Brawl" which recently appeared in the London auction-rooms justifies its apparently sordid subject-matter by the pity with which it is suffused—a pity which is summed up in the head of an old woman who looks outwards, and opens her almost toothless mouth in a cry for help and pity. Yet even this description falsifies what is happening in the composition by making La Tour sound less like a great painter, and more like a skilful dramatist, who knows how to arrange his characters in a scene so that they produce the most powerful possible effect.

What we run up against here, when we try for a moment to convey the impact of a particular work, is the problem which perpetually bedevils scholars in the field of the visual arts. Every

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description is an interpretation. Every interpretation is a falsification, because something is inevitably left out. The *catalogue raisonné*, as an instrument of scholarship, is the child of photography. It is the numerous illustrations in both Pope-Hennessy's *Fra Angelico* and the Nicolson-Wright *La Tour* which seem to provide the necessary basis of objectivity. We can check the authors' conclusions against the illustrations. Yet even these are not a sure guide. A photograph of a painting, whether in black-and-white or in colour, is by no means the same thing as the painting itself. Details can be even more misleading. All scholars use detail photographs to reinforce the points they want to make—such illustrations are there to urge us to agree with the opinions expressed.

IF THE *catalogue raisonné*, in its pure or classic form, is a necessary evil, what is one to say about some other kinds of art book? The discovery of two hitherto unknown Leonardo notebooks in Madrid has prompted the appearance of a volume called *The Unknown Leonardo*, which contains a series of essays by different hands, on various aspects of Leonardo's life and personality.[4] Much, but not all, of the discussion centres upon the material which the newly found books have added to the Vincian corpus.

One's first reaction, on looking at this volume, is to wonder to whom it is meant to be addressed. It seems to fall between two stools—in presentation as much as in content. Yet this apparently misconceived publication has been an outstanding success, in terms of interest aroused and numbers of copies sold. This must be due, in part at least, to the fascination of Leonardo's personality, shrouded as it is in a mystery which seems much deeper than that which veils the Mona Lisa. It can also, perhaps, be attributed to the fact that Leonardo the artist is here quite largely made to cede his place to Leonardo the inventor and investigator of both nature and the machine. The imbalance is heightened by the fact that the scientific essays, notably that by Ladislao Reti on Leonardo's experiments with the elements of machines, are incomparably more distinguished than those which deal with him as a painter. This is doubly significant because Mr Reti is himself the editor of the volume.

The total effect, in a book which, as the blurb says, is meant to establish Leonardo as being "unquestionably . . . the greatest scientist and technologist of his era", is to diminish the Leonardo we have long known, who was responsible for masterpieces such as the "*Virgin of the Rocks*."

Leonardo the inventor, no less than Leonardo the painter, was hampered by his inability ever to carry any project through to a conclusion. Where his inventions were concerned, part of the reason was undoubtedly the fact that contemporary technology did not measure up to the demands he put on it. The materials and manufacturing processes were not available to carry his ideas into effect. A modern analogy is holography, which was, in essence, invented before the laser and not after it. Yet without the laser it was impossible to make the invention work. But there was also the question of Leonardo's temperament, which prevented him from finishing his paintings, and which prevented him, just as effectively, from putting his scientific researches into usable form. *The Unknown Leonardo* suffers not only from disorganisation, but from a kind of crassness. It is not a book about success but one about failure—but no one connected with the project seems to have recognised this.

Where the *catalogue raisonné* in its classic form shows, as we have seen, an adherence to supposedly scientific method which cannot be defended philosophically but which happens to work well enough in practice, *The Unknown Leonardo* demonstrates, at some hidden level, a Philistine worship of science which is beginning to invade art-historical studies in general. This makes its handling of art, and in particular of artistic motivation, distressingly clumsy. Though the book is the work of so many different hands, this clumsiness has infected nearly all of them. Even the gaudiness of much of the design shows scant respect for the values we might suppose Leonardo stood for.

IF SCIENTIFIC METHOD, or anything resembling it, has a place in art history, we must justify it, not only in terms of the enlightenment which researches carried out on this plan bring to us personally, about individual artists, but on the degree to which one student can build upon the researches of another, without having to go back to square one every time.

As it happens, the Michelangelo centenary brings an interesting test-case to hand in the form of Howard Hibbard's book on the artist.[5] I will not insult Professor Hibbard by saying that he has found it unnecessary to go back to Michelangelo's own work. In any case, such a statement would not be true. But, as he tells us himself, what he has set out to do is to write a "short, reliable book" for the general reader. He has fulfilled his aim, and has produced something quite conspicuously good and useful.

[4] *The Unknown Leonardo*. Edited by LADISLAO RETI. Hutchinson, £9.75.

[5] *Michelangelo*. By HOWARD HIBBARD. Allen Lane, £5.

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Like Leonardo, Michelangelo has, in the course of this century, been the subject of devoted research and study by scholars of all kinds. What Hibbard has done, very sensibly, is to build upon their achievements. This is an orthodox rather than a speculative work, and it can be thought of as summarising the present state of play in Michelangelo studies.

The more art-history becomes a collectivity, the more it veers away from individual insights, the duller and the less fruitful it is likely to become. Yet we have reached a stage where the art historian must surrender some of his independence. Even the great catalogues are built to some extent on the work of previous students, as their authors are the first to acknowledge. But when I again turn the pages of *Fra Angelico* and *Georges de la Tour* it will be as much for the individual personality of their authors as for the great mass of information they have made available to me. And this is at once a compliment and a criticism.

On Augustus John

"Exceptional Promise"

By Robert Melville

LOUIS ARAGON called his two-volume art book on Matisse a novel. Michael Holroyd warns us in *The Years of Innocence*[1] that his two-volume biography of Augustus John is not an art book. With more justification than Aragon, he could have called it a novel. It is very solidly researched, but it reads like a good, romantic, 19th-century novel with a sad and moving ending. The hero is handsome, wild, wicked and lovable; the two heroines, Ida and Dorelia, like all the other women who fall into his arms, are madly beautiful, and one of them dies reasonably young; the many villains are art critics or collectors. The art dealer Duveen has a lucky escape: he presented "Madame Suggia" to the nation.

It's all the same to Holroyd whether art critics acclaim or denounce his protagonist, he gets them in the end; but he never forgets that he is not writing art criticism, and brilliantly simulates neutrality to put them in the wrong. (A notable exception is Malcolm Easton, with whom he has collaborated to produce *The Art of Augustus*

[1] *Augustus John: Volume I: The Years of Innocence. Volume II: The Years of Experience.* By MICHAEL HOLROYD. Heinemann, £5.75 each.

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John[1], a carefully balanced selection of 91 works which thins out well before the end but almost miraculously reaches the year 1960.) He doesn't bother much with angry critics who are obvious reactionaries; he quotes them for their comic violence. But he can be remarkably and amusingly devious when dealing with serious criticism.

A nice example is his handling of a stinging notice by Clive Bell of a John show held at Tooth's in 1938. "There is less talent than trick", wrote Bell, "and there is no thought at all." Holroyd knows as well as anyone that by 1938 about all one could say for John was that he could still catch a likeness. His oils had become creepily sloppy, as if he were making cruel caricatures of his own virtuosity, and Holroyd doesn't fall into the error of challenging Bell's criticism. He simply wonders whether it's one of those pieces of Bell's journalism of which his friend Roger Fry complained in a letter to the painter Jean Marchand. It is partly quoted in a footnote: Bell, according to Fry,

> hasn't much personal judgement, and he's a terrible snob . . . it is not by personal antipathy that he castigates a painter, but rather by his over-preoccupation to show himself in the forefront of the trend. . . .

It was written 17 years earlier than Bell's notice, and both quotations are dragged out of their time to afford some support to Holroyd's defence of a hasty remark made by John in 1910. The occasion was John's first visit to the Grafton Galleries to see the epoch-making exhibition *Manet and the Post-Impressionists*, organised by Fry. "A bloody show", he said to Eric Gill. It immediately went the rounds and had an unfortunate result. It put John into the wrong art camp and he found himself the somewhat unwilling leader of the New English Art Club, which by that time was anything but in the "forefront of the trend." Holroyd thinks that John was annoyed by the chattering crowds he found at the Grafton, drawn there by the sensational press reports. He was probably too angry to look at the paintings, and Holroyd is almost certain that he condemned the show before he actually saw it. There were too many lords and ladies and "international experts" on the committees for John's liking. Perhaps, too, his feelings about Fry had something to do with it. A couple of months later he joked rather bitterly about him in a letter to the American collector John Quinn:

> If you sent him a gilded turd in a glass case he would probably discover some strange poignant rhythm in it . . . and persuade the Contemporary Art Society to buy the production for the Nation.

He went again to the Post-Impressionist show just before it closed, and expressed a high regard for Cézanne, van Gogh, Gauguin and Picasso. He had already responded to Picasso's Blue Period in 1907 by painting two large and rather clumsy pictures which failed surprisingly to catch anything of the gaunt elegance of Picasso's figures, and had nothing to do with his own stylishness. Even more surprisingly he detested Matisse's contributions to the Post-Impressionist show. He called him "a charlatan but an ingenious one", and said that his "Woman with Green Eyes" was "devoid of every genuine quality—vulgar and spurious work." (He was probably referring to the delightful portrait of a girl in a high-collared blouse, painted in 1909, which is in the San Francisco Museum of Art.)

A one-man show of recent drawings and paintings by John opened at the Chenil Gallery before the Grafton show ended and was extremely well received. Even the critics who disliked the paintings were charmed by the drawings, but it was the 50 small oils called "Provençal Studies" which, as Holroyd says, "represented his new field of achievement." Suddenly the colour was brilliant, the forms drastically simplified and the flattish paint applied with clean, deft sweeps of the brush. The best of them make serene and richly sensual colour patterns. The fact that they are small is of no importance. They rank very high in his work and in the entire British school. He continued to paint in this way through 1911, when he created the little masterpiece called "The Red Feather", which was not painted in Martigues but retained to the full the same feeling for bright simple areas of colour.

IMPORTANT IN ITSELF, this short period is nevertheless now at the very centre of the continuing belief, which I share, that John did not fulfil his very great promise. His contemporaries were expecting "great things" even before this, and Holroyd contends that their expectations had a disastrous effect on his career. He even names Roger Fry as the man who, on a specific date, did irretrievable damage to John's progress. Writing in the April 1909 issue of *The Burlington Magazine*, Fry called John a genius who could be a designer on a monumental scale and "should have a great wall in some public building and a great theme to illustrate." It was no doubt this article that gave Sir Hugh Lane the idea of commissioning John to paint some decorative panels for Lindsay House, his residence in Cheyne Walk. John was excited, and started working in Lane's place in the autumn. By December, however, he was complaining of "constant interrup-

[1] *The Art of Augustus John.* By MALCOLM EASTON and MICHAEL HOLROYD. Secker & Warburg, £10.75.

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tions and inconsequent criticism", and wrote to Quinn that, Lane having become "more like some hysterical old lady than a man", he had no alternative but to take his canvases away, unfinished. Holroyd tells the real story behind Lane's hysteria, which he found in a letter from Dorelia to her sister Ursula:

> Augustus had spotted "a lovely gypsy girl and asked her to sit for him." This sitting took place next day at Lane's house where the two of them were soon joined by "a whole band of ruffians" who made merry in every room and "nearly frightened Lane out of his wits."

These decorative panels were started before he painted his small Provençal pictures, so they couldn't have done him much harm. In certain moods John saw the Provençal paintings as preliminary studies for "a set of complete fresco works on a very large scale", and Holroyd blames Fry for putting grandiose notions into his head. He argues, very effectively, that Fry had "little idea of individual talent in relation to particular theories" and was blind to John's inconsistency, and to the fact that "he painted best when in the grip of some intense but fleeting mood—the intensity arising from its very transitoriness."

THESE ARE CERTAINLY the things we admire most, the things for which he will always be the outstanding British artist of the first quarter of the century. Not one of his large "cartoons" is entirely successful, although the centre panel of *Galway* continues to retain its charm. But as far as I know, he never even attempted to base a larger work on any of his little Provençal things. When he exhibited them at the Chenil, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* compared them with the work of Matisse, the painter for whom John had reserved his most spiteful remarks. I don't know why the comparison was made, but the writer was on the right track. If John had not been blind to Matisse at that time, and had taken the trouble to see more of his work, his career might have taken a different course. Matisse was the only painter whose example could have shown him the way to transform his little panels into large decorative works.

The Art of Augustus John reproduces a few of these panels, and one of them called "*Near the Villa St Anne*" is closer to the spirit of Matisse than any painters of the Paris school in the Post-Impressionist show. It is also one that could have been translated into a large decorative panel without drastic alteration. If he had kept an open mind about Matisse he would surely have seen that he could have intensified the colours he already had, and by flattening the paint even more could have spread it over a much larger

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surface. He must have loved this little painting, and might have got back into the "fleeting mood" if he had seen it renewing itself as a large-scale colour pattern. Yet even if Matisse's marvellous "Harmony in Red", painted in 1908–9, had come to the Grafton he would probably have been immune to it. In 1928 he was writing in *Vogue* that Matisse had "achieved the foremost place in his generation", but the realisation came much too late, and in any case he referred in the same sentence to his "early essays in imbecility", which are the paintings that could have helped him. I know that I have been fantasising, but it perhaps explains why I still think of John as an artist of quite exceptional promise.

THE NOTE ACCOMPANYING the colour plate of "Near the Villa St Anne" in the art book about John ends:

> Painted just before Fry's first Post-Impressionist exhibition, such a study explains John's avant-garde standing, though he gradually thereafter retired into a haughty and self-sufficient isolation.

Out of his self-imposed isolation came a sort of dashing conservatism and his second career. Before very long, he was giving a virtuoso performance both as a personality and as a portrait painter. As a painter of society beauties his only rival in Europe was van Dongen, and as a painter of celebrities he had no rival anywhere. His greatest triumph was "Madame Suggia", a sustained effort which, finally, in its own theatrical way, "came off." She usually posed for two hours a day, but by the *third year* she was putting in an extra two hours. Its intensity, the result it would seem of three years' hard labour, suggests that he was not entirely dependent on the "fleeting mood." Completed in 1923, it was popularly considered to be his greatest work and condemned him, not without compensations, to professional face painting. But he never again worked so hard on his portraits and was always "dying to get through with them and tackle other things."

Holroyd of course tackles many other things beside the art-work: John's countless alternations of elation and depression; the nerve-testing complications he created for Ida, his first wife, and Dorelia, his second, by loving too many women with kindness; his associations with gypsies; and endless discoveries about the conduct of John's relatives, friends and sitters. Having room now for only one sample of Holroyd's fascinating story-telling, I have picked on his delicious account of Alick Schepeler, who was John's model for a couple of years in 1906–7, and sat for some drawings which display his draughtsmanship at its dazzling best. Two of them are reproduced in the art book, but the finest of all —a perfect image of the *femme fatale*—faces page 304 in *The Years of Innocence*. In his *Autobiography*[3], John gives her only half a paragraph, in which he says she was of Slavonic origin "illustrating in herself the paradox of Polish pride united to Russian abandon." But Holroyd devotes eight riveting pages to her. Her mother, Sarah Briggs, was Irish, her father German. When John met her she was a typist at the *Illustrated London News*; she never left, never sought promotion, and was there for fifty years:

> In the extent of her ordinariness lay her single extraordinary quality. Her mind was a polished vacuum where the imagination of the artist was free to roam unimpeded. She had nothing to hide, but from the very presence of this nothing arose a mystery none could penetrate. . . . She was unbelievably uninteresting—and no man could quite believe it. Augustus, in his anxiety to avoid intellectual passion, could scarcely have chosen anyone with finer qualifications. . . . Yet she lived for passion . . . and in this she was very intense. . . . She gained something of a reputation as a coquette, abandoning herself anxiously to every sort of pleasure, and staying out at parties till late at night. Day came, and she was translated once more into a pale, contented secretary.

In the last twelve years of his life, John devoted practically all his time to a gigantic triptych. The subject was "Les Saintes-Maries de la Mer with Sainte Sara l'Egyptienne", which he had thought about on and off ever since 1910, when he became involved with the pilgrim-mystery of the gypsies. He undertook to show it at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition of 1960, when he had been working on it for eleven years, but had to say that it would not be ready in time. In 1961, on the evidence of some photographs, the Abbey Trust offered to buy the central panel for the decoration of Burlington House. "After five agonising days he could not keep back the truth any longer, *the triptych was not good enough and never would be.*" The italics are Holroyd's and seem to be an unspoken "I told you so." The last reproduction in *The Art of Augustus John* is a study for the central panel, dated 1960, faintly Tiepolesque, very sketchy but lively. The male figure in the middle is John himself in old age, holding a mandoline. He is surrounded by young girls.

AT COLNAGHI'S recently, I was impressed by one of his early etchings, called "The Hawker's Van" (1904–5). The evening light, the atmosphere of acute loneliness, and the eerily sheeted bulk of the van would make it a superb illustration for the end of Pushkin's dramatic poem "The Gypsies"; the tribe has disowned the Byronic hero of the poem, and when it moves on, he is left behind in a tattered cart.

[3] *Autobiography*. By AUGUSTUS JOHN. With an Introduction by MICHAEL HOLROYD. Cape, £6.50.

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The Look of the Land

English Landscape, Past & Present—By ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

A MILLENNIUM AGO almost the whole of England up to an elevation of at least 1,500 feet was more or less covered with trees. Happily for us they were deciduous trees in considerable variety. Wherever there was chalk there were beeches; elms, ashes and limes were also common. But oaks far outnumbered all the others, and this was very fortunate, because the oak was the ideal tree for building, so much so that it is most unusual to find a mediaeval timber structure made of any other wood. Almost every farm had at some time or other to be wrested from the woodlands. That story was admirably told twenty years ago by Dr W. G. Hoskins in *The Making of the English Landscape*,[1] a pioneer book which soon became a classic.

There was also, in most parts of the country, plenty of stone, even, in some places, without quarrying. Indeed, the mediaeval farmer devoted a good deal of his time to picking stones off his land and making use of them, whether they were flints on the chalklands of East Anglia and the South-East or larger pieces of limestone, sandstone or granite farther west and north, for the construction of walls. The endless miles of dry-stone walls that still survive in many parts of the country where the principal occupations were sheep-farming and the preparation and sale of wool were often built by the shepherds, glad, probably, to have some way of wiling away the time when their eyes tired, as they must have done very often, of contemplating their charges forever nibbling.

The stone is still there, waiting to be used: England has magnificent reserves of it, but, for economic reasons, not much is now employed for building. The trees, on the other hand, have mostly gone. If in the Middle Ages much of England had too many trees for visual comfort, there can be no doubt that the reverse is now the case; only about 8% of this country is wooded, as compared with 29% for the rest of Europe—although the latter figure includes, admittedly, a much higher proportion than here of uninteresting conifers.

IT IS OFTEN SAID that the English landscape as we see it today is basically a creation of the 18th century. This is an over-simplification; it fails to heed the important fact that the landscape in some parts of England was not shaped in at all the same way as in others. In 1700 about half the country was still open fields, with cultivation arranged in narrow strips. Roughly speaking this type of landscape corresponded with the Jurassic limestone belt, stretching from Yorkshire to Dorset, with additional areas to the east of it, embracing Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire and much of Norfolk. Elsewhere strip cultivation was far less common or even totally absent. In the south-eastern counties, for example, which are still our most wooded and possess a much greater variety of trees than the others, small fields came into being as the forests were gradually cleared. So that when, principally between 1750 and 1850, the pattern of England was redrawn with the cumbersome help of over 2,500 Acts of Parliament—the great age of the enclosures—parts of the country remained unaffected.

People who regard the 18th century as a golden age for our countryside are usually thinking of the landscape gardeners, who made perhaps our greatest contribution to the world's visual arts. The creators of the Georgian parks could of course only operate over a limited terrain in relation to the country's total area. But their influence was out of all proportion to the acreage involved, not only in England but, presently, all over Europe and even beyond.

THE GEORGIAN PARKS were sometimes laid out on sites which would seem to have had little enough to recommend them. In *The English Country House* Miss Olive Cook[2] cites as an especially good example Holkham in Norfolk, where Lord Leicester started in 1722 with nothing but rough heathland and barren marsh, and where there is now "one of the grandest and least known of landscape gardens, which, although it was later altered by Repton, owes its noble poetry in part at least to Kent." A generation later at Croome Court in Worcestershire,

[1] Hodder & Stoughton, 1955; Penguin, 1970.

[2] *The English Country House: An Art and a Way of Life*. By OLIVE COOK. Thames and Hudson, £4.50. This is an extremely well-informed and sensitively written study ranging over the seven and a half centuries which divide Oakham Castle from Castle Drogo. There are 296 photographs by A. F. Kersting.

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where Capability Brown received from Lord Coventry his very first commission, he had to begin operations by draining a swamp.

More often, however, the site chosen was the most attractive in the neighbourhood. The gentle undulations which characterise so much of the physical aspect of England were exactly what these gardeners liked best. The three chief constituents of their carefully composed landscapes were trees, water, and "ornaments", and to create a lake, which was regarded as a *sine qua non* of every park, a shallow valley with a stream was essential. Until the end of the 18th century, dramatic sites were not in favour, although, as Miss Madeleine Bingham observes in *Masks and Façades*,[3] Vanbrugh always looked for a site which took advantage of some distant view—and never more so than at King's Weston, commanding a fine stretch of the Bristol Channel with the Welsh hills beyond, and at Seaton Delaval, visible from miles away as one drives up from Blyth.

It is with Vanbrugh that the story of the great English parks really begins. "It was Vanbrugh rather than Kent or Bridgeman," remarks Miss Cook, "who first translated the pictorial vision of a classical landscape into three-dimensional reality." At Castle Howard

> he had not altogether cast aside the seventeenth-century formal concept of the garden, for although he thought of the vast house and its surroundings as one pictorial design, the layout in the immediate vicinity of the mansion was intended to echo the curves and spatial complexities of the house, thus stressing its Baroque rhythms and movement.

But a little later, at Blenheim, when asked about the lay-out, he said "You must send for a landscape painter"; and at Castle Howard too, the views that one enjoys today, especially that to the south-east which embraces Hawksmoor's noble Mausoleum, are worthy of Claude himself. Vanbrugh is therefore a transitional figure in the evolution of the park. Rudolf Wittkower[4] devoted a considerable part of a valuable essay on English Neo-Palladianism (as he termed it) to the resolution of the paradox that "in the reign of Queen Anne Baroque houses were placed in 'unnatural', formal gardens derived from France, while in the reigns of George I and his successors classical houses were given 'romantic' landscape garden settings." They certainly were! It has been calculated that Brown and Repton alone landscaped, between them, about 360 gardens or parks, and some of these were on an enormous scale: a perimeter wall ten miles long was not unusual. But the land was available; in 1700 the total population of England, Wales and Scotland was still under seven million, and as yet industry had made very little mark upon the countryside. It goes without saying that it was very much an upper-class movement; nearly half the cultivated land at this time was owned by no more than 5,000 families. All peers were landowners as a matter of course.

TREES, WATER, ORNAMENTS. All these figure prominently in the paintings from which the garden designers and their aristocratic patrons drew (and made no secret of the fact) their inspiration. Of the landscape painters Claude was, in England, by far the most important; and after him Poussin. Of the 30 Claudes and Poussins on view in the exhibition of "Landscape in French Art" held at the Royal Academy in the winter of 1949–50, no fewer than 25 belonged, or had done so in the 18th century, to owners of properties at which landscape gardening was extensively practised. There can be few pastoral landscapes by Claude which do not include prominent trees and a view of water, often in the middle distance, which was exactly where our gardeners also liked to have their lakes. The ornamental bridge to be found in many of Claude's paintings is another feature often to be seen in Georgian parks. The "ornaments" normally ranged from statues on pedestals and obelisks and especially little Classical temples to sham ruins and hermitages, occasionally, as readers of Osbert Sitwell's *Left Hand, Right Hand* will recall, complete with "hermits" who almost always failed to perform what was required of them. Fantastic numbers of these "ornaments" survive, scattered about England and Ireland (which possesses in the Conolly obelisk at Castletown, the emblem of the Irish Georgian Society, the finest of them all): devotees of this engaging by-product of landscape gardening will be delighted to learn that Miss Barbara Jones's *Follies and Grottoes*, which first appeared in 1953, has recently been republished in a greatly enlarged and revised (and, needless to say, much more

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[3] *Masks and Façades: Sir John Vanbrugh, the Man in his Setting*. By MADELEINE BINGHAM. Allen & Unwin, £6.95. This is a full-length biography of Vanbrugh in all his varied roles, as accurate and well-balanced as it is enjoyable. Miss Bingham has a fascinating subject, for the great architect was, in the eyes of everyone except the terrible Sara,

A most sweet natured gentleman and pleasant;
He writes your comedies, draws schemes and models,
And builds Duke's houses upon very odd hills. . . .

[4] *Palladio and English Palladianism*. By RUDOLF WITTKOWER. Thames and Hudson, £8.50. This is the first of a projected four-volume collection of the late Professor Wittkower's unpublished writings, comprising projects for books and articles in varying states of completion, lectures and other notes, carefully assembled by Margot Wittkower.

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expensive) edition, with many more photographs and line drawings by the author.[5]

One of the many fascinating aspects of this subject is the inspiration which the landscape gardener drew from the Chinese. Barbara Jones illustrates some charming examples of *chinoiserie* in English gardens, but Rudolf Wittkower reveals that in the former Devonshire collection, now in the British Museum, there is a book of engraved views of Chinese gardens which was acquired by Lord Burlington as early as 1724: that is to say, twenty years before any of the Chinese-style "ornaments." This book shows winding brooks, little islands and many trees, "artful irregularity wedded to the world of man", and the contrived wildness links up with the natural wildness beyond. Here may well have been the cue for William Kent, who, in Walpole's famous phrase, "leapt the fence and found all Nature was a garden." What is certain is that the early Burlingtonians saw no dichotomy between formal architecture and "natural" gardens.

Nevertheless the "ornaments", however charming, especially as providers of focal points in a landscape—which many still do—were undeniably the least "natural" of the three components; and Capability Brown, the greatest of these gardeners, showed little interest in them. For him, with the addition of serpentine rides or walks, trees and water were sufficient. But here, too, there were rules to be followed. Trees should normally be disposed in groves, in clumps, or, especially around the periphery of an estate, in belts: never in straight rows or in avenues. There were certain refinements which he also recommended: for instance, the boundary belt ought not to be of the same thickness all the way round; it should swell in and out on its inner face, according to the contours, and even stop altogether occasionally, where a fine view or an interesting feature, natural or architectural, could be revealed. Many evidences of these planting principles put into practice can still be seen. That is why, in contrast to France, where one can so often enjoy from the public highway a *château* standing proudly at the end of a straight avenue, in England it is often impossible from outside to obtain even a glimpse of a house that stands in a large park.

With water Brown also had his *dicta*: one was that, with a lake or an artificial river, the ends must always be masked. An amusing illustration familiar to Londoners is the dummy bridge at Ken Wood, which, upon a close view, turns out to be only a few inches thick, and of wood. This is not, so far as is known, by Capability Brown, but it is entirely in accord with his ideas. He liked green verges for his lakes, which people sometimes felt made them look rather bare; but these quiet pastoral effects were all part of the Arcadian concept of gardening. His lakes are certainly among his most beautiful and durable creations. Finest of all, partly because of Vanbrugh's magnificent bridge, is the one at Blenheim. Brown thought so too: "The Thames will never forgive me!" he exclaimed, on returning there some years afterwards, when the dammed stream, the Glyme, had had time to fill up the lake.

The passionate interest of the Georgian landowners in improving the look of their estates by conscious landscaping has left a legacy which is still the envy of the world. One of the most remarkable features of this movement, surely, was that many of the landowners were prepared to devote large sums to the creation of parks which, owing to the slow speed of Nature's growth, they could never hope themselves to enjoy in maturity. This implied a confidence in the stability of political and social institutions which would certainly not be felt today, when there must be very few people indeed who would be rash enough to plant for their grandchildren.

The bulk of their landscaping, not unnaturally, was done within their boundary walls, but this was not the invariable practice. Many readers will have enjoyed those clumps of beeches which enliven the crisp, clean contours of the South Downs: Chanctonbury Ring, north of Worthing, is the best known. These were all deliberately planted by enterprising landowners, generally in the Georgian age.

WITH THE ADVENT in the 19th century of large-scale industry appalling damage was done, architecturally and visually, to many of our towns, but outside their surrounding suburbs what were the principal changes? Far and away the most significant, for the countryside, was the arrival of the railways. When construction started many people were horrified, although Turner was not one of them. It is difficult not to dislike the paraphernalia of overhead electrification, a feature unknown to the Victorians, but on balance I am inclined to think that a railway improves a landscape more often than marring it. It can be delightful to look down from a hill upon a line winding its way through the valley below. Those strong metal threads help to focus the landscape, sewing it together and giving it greater significance. The purposeful thrust of a railway line can bring order and coherence into country which might otherwise look ragged and untidy, and the silver glint reflected from the rails can provide an additional source of contentment. Finest of all, though, are the viaducts and

[5] *Follies and Grottoes.* By BARBARA JONES. Constable, £10.

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some of the bridges. The best of the viaducts have a noble simplicity of form which is just what their function demands. Of all the materials employed for our bridges and viaducts the most consistently satisfying is undoubtedly stone. But some of the brick bridges, especially those which Brunel built for the old Great Western Railway, are also a constant source of wonder and delight: I am thinking particularly of those that cross the Thames at Moulsford and at Maidenhead, with their remarkably flat curvature, which created a sensation at the time.

In planting there were some changes both for the better and for the worse. The Victorian period saw the introduction from remote places like Tibet of a very wide range of trees and flowers never before seen in this country. Gardens became much more colourful. Georgian landscape gardens were apt to become all too colourful, in ways that would never have met with the approval of their designers; *Rhododendron ponticum*, in particular, has much to answer for! Nor did the Victorian addiction to conifers add much pleasure to our countryside. But very few of the big estates were broken up; on the contrary, more came into being. The landowner class became richer and more exclusive than ever. By 1870 no less than four-fifths of the land under cultivation in England was owned by only about 7,000 families. At the turn of the present century deer parks were still numerous.

After 1918 the situation began to alter dramatically. Parks close to towns might pass into public ownership or be cut up for development; large numbers of tenant-farmers were able to purchase their farms. Socially these modifications were often highly desirable. Changes both in ownership and in uses are inevitable. The problem is not how to cling blindly to the old patterns, but how best to modify them, or even design new landscapes, to suit the needs of our own time. To help us to do this, a book has recently been published which is full of wise advice and sensitive criticism, supplemented by very well chosen illustrations: *The Nature of Landscape Design*, by Nan Fairbrother.[6] The central thesis of the book is that

> most modern landscapes are working landscapes, and even amenity areas must generally include sports fields, playgrounds, cafés and so on. The role of the designer is to evolve, out of all these conflicting claims, a landscape that will still be pleasant for the user.

[6] *The Nature of Landscape Design.* By NAN FAIRBROTHER. The Architectural Press, £5.75. The writing of this book was a race against time, for the author knew as she worked that she was mortally ill. That it was nearly finished when she died in 1971 is a testimony to her courage.

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JOHN MURRAY

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THERE CAN BE LITTLE DOUBT that the best achievements in recent years, in their impact on the countryside, have been connected with water. I can never visit the Lake District without feeling really angry at the sight of Thirlmere, a small lake which was bought by the Corporation of Manchester in 1879 and, with the aid of a big dam, greatly enlarged to form a reservoir. The enlarged lake could still give great pleasure, but in fact it gives none, because it is surrounded by an unscaleable wall topped by a railing and a belt of depressing fir-trees, and prohibited to anglers and to all boats, so that it is the most funereal stretch of water in the kingdom. What a contrast with Graffham Water, the big reservoir constructed a few years ago between Huntingdon and Kimbolton. Alive with sailing boats, especially at weekends, and a great resort of anglers, Graffham Water is also a positive asset to the landscape, and the broad dam, so far from being a hideous cliff of dirty-looking concrete (as it would almost certainly have been in France), is, on its face, a gentle grassed slope which is no eyesore at all; even the waterworks buildings are an architectural pleasure. Other recent British reservoirs—several, for instance, in Northamptonshire and a big one north of Bala—are hardly less good. In these we have come a long way from the shame of Thirlmere. We must lay out our spaces, says Nan Fairbrother. A stretch of water is an exceptionally broad space; important too, in a landscape, for its reflections and as an area of bright light. It should therefore always be kept as clear as possible of vegetation.

In other respects—motor roads, electricity pylons and cables, tree planting and "the new prairie farming"—we have not treated our countryside with the same consideration. It may be hoped that with time the motorways will settle down into the landscape in much the same way as the railways did a century ago. But one cannot feel very confident that they will. The roads themselves are usually too white, and the use of concrete for bridges is bound in the long run to be calamitous; already many bridges on the M1 are visually a disgrace. Stone, or even brick, facing would of course raise the costs, but very justifiably. The narrower bridges should usually be of light steel, which can attain great elegance. Great visual benefits accrue where, at certain points, the two carriageways diverge, perhaps far enough to allow for coppices in between. One would like to see this occurring more often.

Outside in the road a telegraph wire
From the town to the darkening land
Intones to travellers like a spectral lyre
Swept by a spectral hand

wrote Thomas Hardy, and those lines have always helped me positively to enjoy telegraph wires, most of all in Italy where the insulators are sometimes of blue glass. So why not electricity cables too? Partly because the pylons have recently grown so gigantic, but also because bad siting is apparently endemic, in the interest of almost always taking the cheapest possible route. If these overhead cables were more carefully routed they would become much more acceptable.

TREE-PLANTING IN BRITAIN has become a highly controversial subject, in which those who care for amenity are inevitably in conflict with those only concerned with material profit. Uvedale Price described a tree as "this labyrinth of intricacy, yet with no unpleasant confusion; the general effect is as simple as the detail is complicated." He was evidently describing a deciduous tree. Except for yews, junipers and Scots pines, conifers are not native to Britain and the vast spruce plantations of the Forestry Commission are deservedly unpopular wherever they occur. Nevertheless, we cannot afford not to have them, so one can at least be thankful that in recent years it has become increasingly the practice—as can be seen, for example, in Breckland—to plant native hardwood trees along the verges of the roads, thus largely masking the dark monotony of the conifers, under which nothing worth having will grow. Scenically, of course, a few conifers dotted about in a woodland of deciduous trees look excellent; but that is altogether a different proposition.

What Nan Fairbrother terms "the new prairie farming" will also have to be accepted, however reluctantly, in some parts of the country. Visually, the greatest change which this has brought has been the vast increase in the size of fields and the grubbing up of hedges. Norfolk alone is said to have lost about half its hedgerows in the last thirty years. Ecologically, this may well be disastrous, and one can sympathise very much with the distress of the ornithologists; but although too many hedges have been removed in certain areas, it is in my view easy to become over-emotional on this subject. Hedges are sometimes a delight, but by no means always. The pleasures of driving and walking along English lanes, especially but not only in Devon, can be much reduced because of the hedges. I know many roads where a good landscape architect would keep the hedge on one side only and open up the views on the other. Although many of the hedges only date from the later 18th or early 19th centuries, England still has a greater mileage of hedgerow than any other country in the world.

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MISS FAIRBROTHER was not very much concerned with the "pleasure parks" of the Georgian age, but these are the subject of a very pertinent recent essay by Marcus Binney in *The Destruction of the Country House*.[7] Since almost all of them were created between c. 1750 and c. 1850, and their trees are therefore mature or even in decay, some people, he says, are asking whether the time is not approaching when they should be converted to other uses. And are they not, in any case, so many square miles of conspicuous waste, of "land lost to agriculture for mere display"? One can think of a number of countries in which their chance of survival in such circumstances would be practically nil. But Marcus Binney is in no doubt that for England that is the wrong answer, and I fully agree. As he observes, we do not want intensive farming everywhere; we must have parks as areas of recreation, and here and there also as nature reserves. Mr Binney is interesting, and again right, on the subject of golf courses. These are undoubtedly of value in preserving, and not only for the golfers, extensive tracts of park-like country; not infrequently, of course, they have actually been laid out in Georgian parks.

THIS HAS BEEN DONE with very varying degrees of skill. Despite the changes in the length and colour of the grass, which has a distinct effect on the appearance, there are golf courses which have considerable aesthetic appeal, but in a good many it cannot be denied that "the careless siting of trees, greens and (above all) bunkers has damaged graceful contours and pockmarked once lovely views." Another danger, to which parks taken over by local councils are especially subject, is the introduction, to attract the public, of alien splashes of colour. Nothing could be more inept than a fruit salad of flowers introduced into a Georgian park. A fascinating new fact which I have learned from Mr Binney is that the surging demand for venison in the countries of the Common Market, and especially West Germany, may well give a new lease of life to such of our deer parks as have managed to survive.

In a comparatively short article there has been no room to deal with other issues affecting our countryside, including, in particular, the process of reshaping, principally in the northern counties, the enormous spoil-tips of industry. An up-to-date steel works creates no slag-heaps. All the rejected material is converted into road material, for which it is ideally suitable. Another of Britain's outstanding achievements, to be matched in few other countries except Switzerland, is the control, since the war, of advertise-

[7] *The Destruction of the Country House, 1875–1975.* Edited by ROY STRONG, MARCUS BINNEY and JOHN HARRIS. Thames and Hudson, £4.95; paper, £2.50

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ments. The impact of this legislation upon the countryside can only be fully appreciated by those who use the main roads of France, Spain, Italy, and above all the United States. On the debit side the introduction of new building materials for farm buildings, corrugated iron and asbestos, breeze-blocks and concrete, in place of the traditional materials has been, visually, a great misfortune, particularly because these new materials are almost all so light in tone that they are seen before anything else. This is something which should surely be subject to much stricter controls by the local authorities.

NEVERTHELESS, THE COUNTRYSIDE of England is still in much better shape than is sometimes supposed. During the last ten years it has been my good fortune to travel several thousand miles by road in each of the five continents (and over fifty thousand on the continent of Europe); and I am in no doubt that, despite everything that might be termed desecration and loss, Britain is still scenically among the loveliest countries to explore, as well as being, architecturally, about the richest of any. Horace Walpole once spoke of the desirability of seeing "the spontaneous arrangements of nature improved by taste." Our constant aim must be to ensure that "the finger of taste" is not amputated.

A Question of Quality

The Production of Art Books—By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

INSTEAD OF BEING about a single artist, or a number of works by a single artist, *The Sacred Spring* describes the sources and the enclosed garden of *Jugendstil* in Vienna. Was that worth doing? One's careless answer might be "Of course." But I am doubtful. I distrust books about styles and movements. There is now an academic employment agency which might be called Style and Movement, finding jobs for more and more employees. These—or the few of them who are exceptionally acute and gifted—may contribute to something rather larger than art itself, to the whole history of thinking, feeling and self-culturising man—something larger and more extensive, but dubiously of more value in each of our lives. To study movements, and all the elements which unify and set in order, is to jump over each work of art; on the whole a wilful failure to profit as we may by the division of art itself into each work of art.

I see that in England and America in the last forty years the various applications of history to art have had their minimal use. They have tidied up. But I am sure that with other debilitating and vulgarising forces of indifference they are now allied dangerously against art, in its works, as a complex of the comforting, the disturbing, the energising and the enjoyable.

Art history, art biography are as bad as each other. If *vis-à-vis* works of art, *vis-à-vis* "the everlasting youth of the genuine masterpieces" (Delacroix's phrase against the bombast and exaggeration he detected and disliked in Turner's painting), the current biography of artists can be described as Van Gogh's ear gone rotten, the current historicising of art may be described as an open concentration camp of wraiths or a valley where values are lost and bones are rattled. Movements, then, evade artists; artists, as biography, evade art; art, as a generalisation or as what is left of aesthetics, evades the picture. It is the picture which requires instatement or re-instatement; which is why we can delight in the capabilities of the modern art-book, while rejecting semi-art-books such as *The Sacred Spring*.[1]

There is a certain generosity, since Vienna is a long way off, in providing English readers with short accounts, for example, of two such unvivifying painters as Klimt and Egon Schiele. But here in *The Sacred Spring* (the title seems to have a design on us, as if to recall *The Sacred Wood* by T. S. Eliot) these two, and everyone else, and everything else, chairs, pottery, jewellery, book illustration and the Borromäus Fountain, are mashed and then baked into indigestibility.

> It hardly needs to be said that in a period of Austrian art where line was all important the reproductive techniques of woodcut and engraving were bound to have a dominant role.

That is the tone—the tone of the art historian of the English 1970s.

[1] *The Sacred Spring: The Arts in Vienna 1898–1918.* By NICOLAS POWELL. Studio Vista, £9.50

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> If we are to understand why in 1897 nineteen artists formed the Vienna Secession, we must attempt to reconstruct the artistic atmosphere in that year.

That game of impossible reconstruction. The voice is Warburgian; and it never seems to me a Warburgian desire that art, or pictures, should continue to be "living." More decently, more humanly, mightn't we wish to come face to face with the best pictures which Viennese artists painted between 1898 and 1918; the pictures, if any, which "live"?

I WAS SURPRISED, going backwards through this rather muddy production (in which for our £9.50 we are allowed only 24 colour plates) to come, in a (too brief) reference to Karl Kraus, on some statements about *writing* as the criterion by which that old lion judged and condemned the rightness or the rottenness of the use of words—"grammar was his ethic", etcetera. My question to myself was how a writer—even a 1970s art historian—who knew about Karl Kraus growling from his café, could ever bring himself to compose a whole book in Anglo-Warburgian dialect? Then I noticed—ah, well—that the reference to Kraus occurred in an extra contribution to this book, by a Viennese.

For compilations of this kind you must be *used* both by history and by a pre-established phraseology. Then you add pictures, less for themselves than as indicators; and the result, aided by sloppy design, will be one more bastard of art and history, of art-verbiage and history-verbiage, less absolute than for ever relative; one more book without love of distinction, displaying our feebleness of respect for the imaginative energies, and resembling a garden in which the flowers exist only for the dung and the chemistry of the soil which feed them—or, to quote Sir Ernest Gombrich in language of the same order, "The artist's creativity can only unfold in a certain climate," which "has as much influence on the resulting works of art as a geographical climate has on the shape and character of vegetation."

There are books—and here is one of them—which make me slip my arm for comfort again into William Blake's splendid exaggerations—"Villainy!" . . . "A pretence of art, to destroy art". . . . "Genius is always above the age" (whether of the Wiener Secession or any other "movement") . . . "Is the mind"—the individual mind—"nothing?"

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A SHAME TO HAVE STARTED this review of several art-books with the one which is least interesting. But then, pushing its kind out of the way, I wanted to touch some principles en route and go on to compliment the modern picture book as—technically and in cultural possibility—it deserves.

I found myself with at any rate (observe the hyphen) one good-colour book, and one small folio of quality, high quality, and one more shocker. *Caspar David Friedrich*[1]: 57 colour plates—a book, I suppose, made possible at last, for an English publisher, by the great Friedrich exhibition at the Tate three years ago. The text does seem to me a little mad, a cultivation of that nimiety or too-muchness which Coleridge ascribed to Germans. Helmut Börsch-Supan "is the leading interpreter of Friedrich's symbolism." Friedrich symbolised, but he doesn't need to be interpreted too much—to a degree, if it wasn't contradicted or corrected by those 57 plates in colour, which would make Friedrich less of a melancholy and exquisite (if at times slightly hard) romantic landscapist and more of a tiresome moralist.

I am not carping about that. Each peruser and admirer of Friedrich can see for himself that figures, for instance, in his pictures are not always doing what this leading interpreter wants and supposes them to be doing. The point is the plates, the instatement of the pictures, sufficiently buttressed by enough drawings, by explanations right or wrong or exaggerated, and by just enough biographical and temporal information. The formula is about right in a publisher's job which respects the quality of art, and makes use of the developed possibilities of colour reproduction.

Only about a dozen years ago, or less, every English art writer automatically denigrated colour reproduction. The Keeper of the Royal Pictures, for instance, would refuse permission—does this still happen?—to reproduce in colour. The Friedrich book shows what can be done easily enough. But now one has to reflect with dismay on the economic obstacles to doing it. We are not a society which depends so much as it did on a modification of slavery; but the more this slave-basis diminishes the higher the cost of quality in production. For art this seems to mean—at present—that an all but perfected way of disseminating art away from art galleries is too expensive to employ. Multi-market editions, with a skilful division of the plates from a text which has to be translated, just allow—at a price—good-colour books. But then only colour-books

[1] *Caspar David Friedrich*. By HELMUT BÖRSCH-SUPAN. Thames and Hudson, £10.50

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which present artists more or less equally famous, let us say, among Italians, Spaniards, the French, the English, the Americans and the Japanese. How then are we going to be provided with the good-colour books of introduction, or delayed justice, or discovery? We could each of us list twenty or thirty artists deserving a book with 57 good-colour plates. The millennium—not the social revolution—will have come when we can go into a London bookshop and find, even at a price no higher than £10.50 for Friedrich, books reproducing the best of, say, Elsheimer, Patinir, Lievens, Brouwer, Rueland Frueauf the Younger, Burra, Malevich, Kupka, Meister Francke, Piazzetta, Bihzad, Mu-ch'i, and almost any other artist who isn't Picasso, Renoir or Chagall.

A CASE OF PARTICULAR INTEREST to me is that of George Stubbs. I dare say when he died in 1806 there weren't half a dozen people who realised that he had been a masterly painter. He doesn't receive an entry—even a mention—a hundred years later in the great *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of 1910–1911. When I wrote an article about him in 1938—that seems a long while ago—I could begin that no one had "justly appreciated the reach and character" of his art, and I could justly complain that he had "never been made one of the classic hierarchy of English painting."

The claims I made for him have been more than accepted. There have been exhibitions, books, articles, discoveries. Now Stubbs's anatomical drawings and engravings have been collected and reproduced.[3] The mastery of the best of the drawings is unequivocal. No artist has ever made the rib-cage we carry around with us into an arranged image so pestering and so beautiful (an adjective we need not always regret and be afraid of). But then for this small folio you have to pay the apparently inescapable price of quality. (I think that at £25 we might have been given a drawing or two or three or half a dozen drawings in colour, Stubbs having at times used red chalk, or red and yellow inks.)

QUALITY IS ART. There is no art without quality. Just now this does not seem evident to many people in the art trades of production (i.e. artists themselves) or of appreciation (i.e. art writers, art officials, and too many art publishers). If quality in reproduction is costly, reproduction without quality is useless, and is an insult to achievement, and to the worthwhileness of being human, instead of corvine or bovine or simian; a proposition not dwelt upon, I am afraid, by those who are guilty of the book on George Grosz.[4]

But not the author (or the artist). I much respected Hans Hess, who prepared the essential album of the works of Lyonel Feininger, in which he and Feininger were decently served by publisher, designer, block-maker and printer. I do not agree with everything he says about Grosz—for instance that the line of his great period from 1916 into the 1920s is "neither beautiful nor personal." Willy-nilly it is both, whatever Grosz in his hatred of "fine art" or bourgeois art may have intended it to be. The tautness of his pen-drawn satires and their combination of fine and thick, of hair-thinness and blackness, make him one of the best draughtsmen of the whole of "modernity." But Hess knew the Grosz milieu and relationships. What he writes and quotes is as good an illumination as we could have of Grosz drawing and painting against mankind gone mad."

It is the publishers who haven't done the best either for Grosz or his line. The book appears grey and shabby. A nasty paper seems to deaden the linear contrasts and coarsen their characteristic grace. Odd things happen in this brutally designed, yet still necessary book. Areas of a drawing fade (for instance, in the poor reproduction of Grosz's famous *Rape and Murder in the Ackerstrasse*), strips disappear into the gulleys. Some blocks are crookedly set, some are oddly trimmed and made wider at one end than the other. Sad that a book about a great artist should give (though the exceedingly few—no more than sixteen—colour plates are unexpectedly good) such a first sense of caricaturist's vulgarity, as if Grosz's art had been through all his life as ordinary as it became after he had left Germany and abandoned the objects of his hatred.

An art-book without quality, for a period with an active distaste for quality which despises art and treats it with indifference, confusing it with other kinds of communication. I wish it was a better memorial both to Hess and George Grosz. Perhaps, though, just a little of the blame must go to Hess. He had the art historian's desire to make his man complete. He had to illustrate the bad in Grosz—or too much of the bad—where information about his lapses and his decline would have been enough. I never see the value of that kind of inclusiveness; it is against enjoyment. A man's art is when he succeeds.

[3] *The Anatomical Works of George Stubbs.* By TERENCE DOHERTY. Secker & Warburg, £25.

[4] *George Grosz.* By HANS HESS. Studio Vista, £9.50

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

The Case of Comrade Bukharin

By David S. Anin

AN IMPORTANT, IF FAMILIAR, debate has now been revived by Stephen Cohen's recently published "political biography" of Bukharin. Was Bukharin a sound interpreter of Lenin's views and recommendations as they are outlined in his last "pro-NEP" articles (and purportedly also in Bukharin's personal conversations with the dying leader)? If the answer is Yes, was Bukharin then a serious contender for the leadership of the Party after Lenin's death? How—and this has always been the most enigmatic question—could Bukharin's strange, and at times even incoherent, attitude before and during his great Show Trial be explained? In this note I do not intend to discuss these questions *per se*; I will limit myself to only one point which concerns the "atmosphere" around the NEP and convey a fact which testifies to the *état esprit* of Bukharin in 1936—a fact which might, at least partly, explain his subsequent attitude.

FIRST THE "ATMOSPHERE." It seems that when we are discussing the NEP—its antecedents, its merits, prospects, attitudes to it from the leaders —we should bear in mind that Lenin did not "grant" the NEP voluntarily. He was *forced* to do so by the conditions in which Russia found herself at the time: the Civil War; War Communism which brought Russia's economy to a chaotic state; the relentless peasant uprisings; and finally Kronstadt—all these events together imposed on Lenin and the Bolshevik leadership a NEP-type change.

Having met with strong resistance from numerous opposition groups, Lenin, threatening to resign, *forced* the Tenth Party Congress to adopt his New Economic Policy unanimously. However, from its inception, the NEP (which most probably saved the Bolshevik power from collapse) bore a dual and ambiguous character. For some it represented a capitulation before the peasants and the remaining "capitalist elements" in the cities; for others, including Lenin, it was the only possible "transition from capitalism to socialism." For some Bolsheviks, the NEP meant an honest "lasting and serious collaboration with the peasantry"; for others, it was only a "breathing spell," a "tactical retreat."

The ambiguities and equivocal character of the NEP made it liable to be interpreted differently—especially after Lenin's death, and by both Bolsheviks and non-Bolsheviks. Lenin's heirs sought to draw arguments from the leader's wisdom. Hence one can fully agree with Professor Sidney Hook (ENCOUNTER, December 1974) when he says that he did not find in Lenin's articles "Bukharin's programme either implicitly or explicitly." Bukharin certainly amplified Lenin's original intentions. He brought into Bolshevik revolutionary and offensive tactics, strategies and notions of an evolutionary and semi-Menshevik character—such as "growing into socialism," "genuine competition with the private sector," etc. Sidney Hook says rightly that Bukharin's ideas, if they had been followed, would have resulted in a kind of society "not too different from the programmatic perspectives of the socialist parties that controlled the Constituent Assembly."

However, here comes the other side of the story. Indeed, in view of what happened later—in view of what the Trotsky-Preobrazhensky faction recommended and of what Stalin did—could not one assume that the ambiguous, equivocal, and dying Lenin of these years (or, rather, months) was closer to Bukharin on the major issue of the time—the NEP—than to his opponents? Lenin really believed in a "*smychka* (close collaboration)" with the peasantry. Since 1905 this had been, in fact, his central "tactical" idea: "a democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and the peasantry" (led, of course, by the proletariat or, more exactly, by the apparatus of the Bolshevik Party). In 1922–23 Lenin himself did not yet know whether he wanted the NEP to be a permanent solution or only a transitory one. Hence, his biographer and Professor Leonard Schapiro (who subscribes to Cohen's view of Bukharin as the true interpreter of Lenin) are justified both by numerous pronouncements of the leader and especially by what happened subsequently. In other words, while Professor Hook is undoubtedly correct when he examines

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the texts *à la lettre*, the author and Leonard Schapiro remain closer, in my view, to the *spirit* of Lenin's attitudes in his last months.

To be sure, Bukharin was not a democrat or a "humanist" in the general sense of the term. He was not even a "rightist" Bolshevik like Kamenev and Rykov who pleaded in 1917 for a multi-Party socialist government. Somewhat "dogmatic" and "scholastic", he was a radical in comparison to such moderate and liberal Bolsheviks like Krasin or Lunacharsky or to such a *franc-parleur* as Riazanov. It was Bukharin who coined the cynical maxim: Of course we should have two parties—one in power and the other in jail. Bukharin's speech in the Constituent Assembly was one of the most vicious of the day. In comparison, the speech of the other Bolshevik, Skvortzov-Stepanov (who merely tried to convince the Assembly that all parliaments are, according to Marx, *class* parliaments) was an example of moderation. Bukharin was the first (before Stalin) to insist on *recantation*—one of the most revolting practices in the history of political struggle and persecution in general. He could also occasionally falsify history when the "cause" required it, as Max Eastman has proved.[1]

And yet, in spite of all his sins, he symbolised in the middle and late 1920s the "other solution." Justified or not, the belief has been widespread (especially among the people) that, with Lenin and Bukharin jointly at the helm, there would have been a "different Russia." Indeed, the first gave the peasants the land; the second wanted them to keep it.

MY UNDERSTANDING of the essential attitudes of Bukharin was influenced by Lydia Dan. Her account ran as follows. When Bukharin visited the Dans (this is in Paris of the early 1930s before his return to Moscow) he was vivacious and talkative. The three had an animated discussion on Russia which was followed by exchanges of views on the international situation. Here both were on common ground. Both anticipated a war with Hitlerite Germany, and both believed that only a military and political alliance between Russia and the Western democracies could forestall the war. Dan was co-author of the "Military Theses" of a group of representatives in the Socialist International (the so-called Bauer-Dan theses), and Bukharin was for a united front with the Socialists.

Suddenly, during the conversation, Bukharin exclaimed: "And what would happen to you, Fyodor Il'ich, and to Lydia Osipovna, if the Nazis attacked and defeated France? . . . I think that in that case you should contact the Soviet embassy and ask it for protection. . . ." The Dans were stunned. In 1936, after all that had been going on in the already fully Stalinised Russia, Bukharin, who (as it became known later) had confided to André Malraux and to others "*now Stalin is going to kill me*", the same Bukharin advised the Dans to seek protection in the Stalinist embassy. The sober and sceptical Dan could not swallow it. He had no doubts of Bukharin's sincerity, but he started to ponder whether the man was not quite out of touch with reality.[2]

In view of this "incident" (the authenticity of which is beyond any doubt), the question is how to explain Bukharin's return and behaviour? One suspects that there was an amalgam of reasons—some known to us, others unknown. Cohen dismisses Arthur Koestler's theory of "the last service to the Party." Professor Hook does not believe that Bukharin was guided by his desire to save his family since his young wife, as he says, accompanied Bukharin in Europe. What, then, was the reason? We could ask the same question about other returnees and we will, I am afraid, remain without completely convincing answers. Why did Ilya Ehrenburg voluntarily return at the height of the purges in Moscow when almost all his friends and even relatives were being arrested? Ehrenburg was not a man of physical courage, and he could have stayed in France. Ehrenburg did not know that he would (to use his own phrase) "draw the winning lottery ticket." Why did Antonov-Ovseyenko return? He could not have had the slightest doubt about the fate that awaited him. F. Raskolnikov and General Krivitzky defected . . . and they were both killed abroad.

The theory of Bukharin's American biographer is, in the last analysis, similar to that of "the last service." Bukharin, suggests the author, wanted to remain the "symbol" of a true Bolshevik in the humanistic and socialist tradition. Certainly, one should assume, not of the Bolsheviks of his own day. About the latter, his Moscow contemporaries, he spoke in "Trotskyite" terms (*i.e.* degenerate bureaucrats, etc.).

BOLSHEVISM CERTAINLY BELONGS to the Russian revolutionary tradition, but not to the humanistic

[1] See Max Eastman, *Since Lenin Died* (1925), pp. 97–105.

[2] According to Professor Cohen, in addition to the well-known meetings which Bukharin had during his visit to Paris, he also met an old Comintern friend who advised him to remain abroad. He proposed that they put out a publication together. It would have been interesting to know who this could have been—Humbert-Droz? Taska (Rossi)? Certainly not Boris Souvarine whom he refused to see, pretending that he did not know him. (In fact, Bukharin knew Souvarine very well and even used to call him affectionately "Souvarinionok.")

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one—unless "humanism" is re-defined in a Bolshevik sense. The Bolshevik forerunners were radical and, at times, heroic revolutionaries, but they were not humanists. The list of these Bolshevik precursors would include the dictatorial and totalitarian types of revolutionaries—the Pestels, Nechaevs, Tkachevs, to name only a few. A great many of them perished at the scaffold. Bukharin could have been one of them if he believed that his death might serve "the Cause." Russian revolutionaries, and especially Bolsheviks, have often been guided by a moral and political code which we must not think is an easy one to decipher.

The Relations of Love

Aimé?
Yes, Aimé still lives.
He's been elected to the Académie.
Still subject to occasional fits of passion
—I heard of some shopgirl only last year—
but more and more inclined to enjoy his friendships,
drinking wine in the cafés.

. . . Agapē is a monk now on Patmos.
Eros runs an illegal abortion clinic
for wealthy foreign girls in London.

Liebe?
We don't speak of him.
He was arrested in Argentina in crossdress.
I don't think the extradition has come through yet.

And Lyubov?
I haven't heard from Lyubov in a long time.
A beautiful, exquisite
girl. Do you recall her in that Chekhov play?
No one could ever cry like her.
It was said she could weep real tears
that blurred a thousand programmes
and in the same instant smile
that the theatre burst open like a frenzied day
in spring when every leaf is in love with the blue vault.
I haven't heard of Lyubov in a long time.
There are rumours. Some actor who vanished
as Mercutio, reappeared as King Lear, said he had seen her
before the war in the Lubyanka
being dragged along a corridor, a mask of death
caked with dried blood,
but who knows what to believe about Russia?

D. M. Thomas

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LETTERS

Dr Bettelheim's "New Illiteracy"

BRUNO BETTELHEIM'S article *Janet and Mark and the New Illiteracy* (ENCOUNTER, November) raises more questions than it satisfactorily answers or even brings so reasonably under scrutiny.

When Dr Bettelheim cites Polish primers *vis-à-vis* ours, I would ask if he really believes that showing reading and school as attractive, ultimately valuable pursuits will influence a child's approach to either. (Doesn't he himself state that "children hate to be asked whether they see what is in front of their eyes; it implies that they are stupid"? By the same token, constantly being told or shown that something is "good" must arouse anyone's suspicion—and that of children more readily and instinctively than adults.) I would ask, too, how this differs in any way from the ego-appeal he later decries.

When he suggests that it is in order to gain access to a world of "first and last things," or of "magic," exemplified by the Bible, the Talmud, and the 1727 New England Primer, that a child learns to read, I wonder why he neglects to mention another element present in both the Yeshiva and Colonial schoolhouse learning environments—a teacher ready with a ruler, a birch rod, or a hand, In Wilhelmine Frankfurt, my father left his *bar-mitzvah* class—whose star pupil he was—after he was struck across the face for asking "a question a good Jew does not ask." It was his last-but-one time in a synagogue. Whether or not one approves of this sort of authoritarianism (and I do not) doesn't matter here; but the question does direct one's attention to the crucial role of the teacher. A teacher who seems also to be learning, who seems, in simplest terms, interested, is surely a pivotal part of the learning process.

One might concede that learning to read grants a child access to a special world, but that world is far from secret or magical—it is highly concrete and real, and the child lives in it—it is the world of adults. Adults read; other, older children read; thus learning to read must be one of the things you do in order to get older.

Dr Bettelheim has also not recognised what I call negative motivation; and the best example I can give here is from my own experience. I am told that when I entered first grade (in a Manhattan public school) I knew the alphabet and was able to pick out a few three-letter words. I do not remember any part of the classroom process of *learning* to read, I only remember knowing *how* to. I also recall that in a very short time, I had deduced that since I sat in the fourth seat in the second row from the windows, and since there were six seats to a row, if every pupil had to read aloud, I could count ten sentences from the beginning of the page, mark mine, and read on to the end—which I did, over and over again. I did this with each *Dick and Jane* and then with each *Day In, Day Out*. My little system only failed when one of the nine before me couldn't get through his sentence, throwing out my calculations. The ability to read meant quite simply that I wouldn't have to read *Dick and Jane* while others did. It meant that I no longer had to hear someone say "that's all for tonight" as they closed a book far too soon. It meant that I could do what the grown-ups did. (That it shortly changed—or that my attitude toward it did—from a key, a tool, to a permanent pleasure is immaterial. My principal motivation was strictly rational, purely ego.)

I have three final questions for Dr Bettelheim.

First, in his note on Spot's metamorphosis into Socks, I am hugely puzzled that he found the name "most unlikely . . . for a dog." I once knew a highly literate smooth fox terrier named *Strümpfchen* (he was white with four black feet), whose owners had had ample demonstrations of his preference for the *New York Times* over the *Daily News*. Second, try as I might, I could not find a reason for calling this condition "the new illiteracy"—for nothing about it is remotely new. And last, because—like children—we hate to be asked whether we see what is so obviously in front of our eyes and so tragically in our schools, how does Dr Bettelheim propose that we go about changing it?

SUSAN HEIMANN LLEWELLYN

Dublin

1. When I say that children hate to be asked to see what is in front of their eyes, this does not contradict that what they see makes an impression on them (if it is not rubbed in). Nor does any attractive picture only make an ego-appeal. If so, we would have to forget all that we learned about a picture's appeal to the unconscious. My point was that, for example, the Polish readers with their pictures without words create an atmosphere which makes reading seem most appealing. Such an atmosphere, when responded to, is conducive to thinking reading most worth while. Mrs Llewellyn suggests that constantly being told something arouses suspicion. How very true. Only I never said that these readers constantly tell something. On the contrary, they create an atmosphere and then leave it at that which is good enough.

2. I agree that the teacher is the most important, or at least a very important, ingredient in learning. But I am also reminded of two Hungarian Nobel-Prize winners who had attended the same school in Budapest and who told me that their teachers were so bad that they had to learn on their own, and that was why they had such academic success. Which just goes to show that the impact of a teacher is difficult to predict. But it also shows that if the books are good and attractive, even a very bad teacher does comparatively little harm. And this was my point. That there are good and very bad teachers in every country, and even in the Yeshiva, should be common knowledge. But I did not say a word about teachers, good, bad, or middling, simply because one cannot generalise about them. Nor do I see why Mrs Llewellyn's father's experience proves more than that even in the Yeshiva there are bad teachers. Did I claim there

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were none? Nevertheless many great scholars emerged.

3. If Mrs Llewellyn can substantiate that the world of reading, and of adults in general, does not seem magical to the young child (I mean to all young children) then I wish she would present this startling new evidence. That ones lives in this world does not prove that it has no magical qualities. I still find them occasionally in life, and I pity those who cannot. And are there no secrets for the child in the world of adults?

4. That one dog was called by the unlikely name *"Strümpfchen"* hardly invalidates my remark that most children would not think of it as an appropriate name for a dog. But my point which Mrs Llewellyn completely missed was not that *Socks* is such a bad name, but only that by replacing one silly name for a dog with another we have not improved a reader. Much more than a name change is needed for that. Finally, she is correct in one criticism: I did not submit a plan for the change of education in this article. Still I believe if she would have read between the lines, there were ample suggestions about how improvements could be made.

I AM GLAD to learn from Professor Deregowski [Letters, March] that Falski's *Elementarz* is a pre-War text which continues to be used in Poland. My copy carried the date of 1961. What seemed important to me was less when the text first was devised or used, but that in Poland at the present time a widely-used elementary reading text began by depicting reading as enjoyable and important, and learning in class as attractive—and all this before any effort was made to teach reading.

BRUNO BETTELHEIM

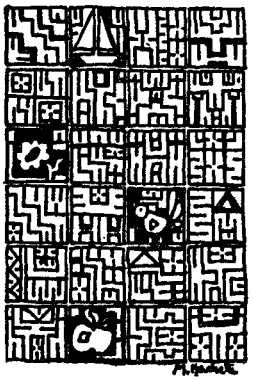
Portola Valley,
California

"Myths about Allende", Reconsidered

THE RECENT REVELATIONS about the involvement of Dr Henry Kissinger and the Central Intelligence Agency in the downfall of the late President Allende in Chile have prompted me to look back at an article in the January 1974 issue by Mr David Holden.

In his trenchant analysis, entitled "Allende and the Myth Makers," Mr Holden gave short shrift to the idea of U.S. plotting in Chile. He ridiculed a *New Statesman* editorial saying that "Nixonism and its allies" could not be exonerated, and then went on to declare his belief that any assent to CIA contingency plans for action in Chile had been absent at a higher level.

The Quest for Serendip



THE NEW NAME is Sri Lanka, but Ceylon was once called Serendip, and there was an Indian fable entitled "Three Princes from Serendip" which recounted the agreeable adventures of a trio who kept on encountering men and places they neither sought nor expected. This presumably was Horace Walpole's source when coining the word "serendipity" (1754), for the talent to run across nice and pleasant things. I am not quite certain how long in the unhappy England of today the phrase can be sustained, but for a long time now it has been—especially for foreigners—a much-admired and envied word-coinage of the English language. Perhaps (as Goethe thought) America does have it better, for in post-Nixon Washington recently I heard it twice in one day and also found it in a newspaper column.

LITTLE POINT *in underlining that every language has certain special words of its own to describe a shade of feeling or a stroke of fortune, and that other tongues don't quite manage to catch the inflection. They become* Leitmotifs*—to use a German word which has been taken over by the French and the English languages for lack of an exact rendering of their own.*

Anybody, therefore, for serendipity? Once we have learned that there is indeed a word for happy surprises in a world full of most unhappy turns of events, then there is a strong temptation to transliterate. In German, I suppose, it would become—taking advantage of that hovering little umlaut—"Serendipität." *But surely serendipity has rather a lighter touch about it, as if good luck had wings. The German rendering sounds too grave, too heavy, as if that cloud with a silver lining never could float.*

BUT NOT TO WORRY. *Our very inability to take over what is necessary may save us from the kind of unnecessary borrowing which has made "Franglais" and "Amerenglish" so notorious. Why do we say in German* "unterprivilegiert" *when it is in any language just a six-syllable way of saying "poor"? It betrays the same kind of verbal inflation in which the Americans say "senior" for "old", in order to suggest that there just aren't any old people but only "senior citizens" who then take on almost pseudo-senatorial rank. A slight stroke of the pen and a minus can become a plus.*

To be sure, coinages like "underprivileged" serve the purposes not merely of semantic euphemism but of social protest. It suggests that it is the right of every citizen to possess fully all the privileges going, and that a part of the citizenry is regrettably deprived of some of same. A privilege is no longer something special but belongs by revised definition

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Mr Holden summed up his case by saying the American attitude was simply: "Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive/Officiously to keep alive. . . ."

I should be glad to know if he cares to make a re-appraisal, especially in the light of a detailed study entitled "Destabilisation" by Godfrey Hodgson and William Shawcross, two of his colleagues on the *Sunday Times*, which was published in that paper on October 27. I should also be interested to know if you, Sir, feel disposed to give as much space and prominence to the facts as you did to Mr Holden's unfortunate speculations.

RICHARD HALL

London

I AM GLAD Richard Hall has raised what he calls my "unfortunate speculations" about the CIA in Chile because it gives me a chance to say, for the record—and I fancy with rather deeper feeling than Mr Hall—that I now regard them as unfortunate too.

In defence, though, I think it's fair to point out that I never denied the reality of American pressure on Allende. In fact, I specified a number of its forms (and limitations) and acknowledged, also, an element of doubt about the CIA by saying that inquiries *so far* had indicated that they took no action beyond preparing a contingency plan which did not *seem* to have received higher assent. I added that, given the atmosphere in Washington at the time, when every sort of leak was being tapped by eager politicians and journalists, I could hardly believe that if more evidence existed it could have been kept quiet. Too right—it wasn't: but I'm still a little surprised that it took another year to surface. However, these are mere excuses for being over-hasty. Basically, on the CIA I was wrong; and I can only kick myself and hope to be more careful next time.

But that doesn't mean that I was wrong in the rest of my analysis. On the contrary, I remain unrepentant, by and large, in attributing Allende's downfall chiefly to his own mistakes; and I suggest that, in one way, the evidence of CIA intervention actually strengthens that argument. After all, as I pointed out in my original article, "a realistic Chilean government embarked on its 'road to socialism' would surely have bargained for" American hostility—especially when it made its own hostility to American interests plain in word and deed from the start. I added that "on a truly Marxist analysis, such as Allende professed, it should have expected much more—that America would have moved in for the kill as soon as possible."

Well, it now appears that America did move in, if not (according to Dr Kissinger) for the kill, then at least for the set-up. Yet far from doing anything to protect himself, or to make America's task in any way more difficult, Allende went out of his way to lead with his chin. He deliberately and repeatedly provoked not only the United States and its friends (or clients) in Chile but also—and more importantly—a very wide range of Chilean opinion and interests by his revolutionary rhetoric, economic policies and (to put it no lower) lack of respect for the constitution.

MANY OF THOSE so offended, like a substantial section of the Christian Democrat party, were actually sympathetic to some of Allende's early moves. His nationalisation of the American-owned copper mines, for example, passed through parliament with scarcely a dissenting voice. Yet within three years there were united against him not only the armed forces and the entire parliamentary opposition (which always outnumbered his own minority coalition) but such disparate groups as the copper miners, the lorry owner-drivers, airline pilots, doctors, shopkeepers, lawyers, and the Supreme Court—which recorded its formal condemnation of the régime's "habitual illegalities."

Are we to suppose that all these people and institutions, representing an actual majority of the Chilean people, were simply suborned, deceived or browbeaten by the CIA? I am ready to believe in conspiracies, but this is surely ridiculous. And, anyway, even if it were true it would hardly say much for the supposedly overwhelming popular strength and appeal of Allende's revolution. (Compare, incidentally, Czechoslovakia in 1968 where the vast majority of the people and their parliament clearly supported Dubcek, up to and beyond the end, in spite of every sort of Soviet pressure from subversion to actual invasion. If

to the rights of all. What will happen to that small remnant of the old European aristocracy, still trying to cling to the distinction of their traditional names, when we suddenly come to realise that we, who have no "de" *or* "von", *are really undernobled and hence grievously nobbled in our essential human dignity? This may well become the game of name, and a bitter class contest it could turn out to be.*

BUT THERE IS NOTHING **untoward about serendipity. It was always precious, and may nowadays become increasingly rare; but it does run trippingly off the tongue. And surely every child knows that it is rather easier for fabled princes to find happy ends than for Western man caught between the dangers of the Gulag Archipelago and Post-Industrial Society. Perhaps if our lives are to enjoy a touch of the serendipitous then serendipity may well have first to return as a privilege, as that special and not widespread quality which Napoleon used to call** *"la Fortune."*

But there's the rub. Can our mass-democratic society afford even a bit of good luck for the few? Shouldn't serendipity—and all its felicitous means of production and distribution—be socialised and thus put to the benefit of all the people? Arise, ye prisoners of misfortune, you have a serendipitous world to win. . . .

You see, I knew that playing with words would come up with an agreeable surprise.

François Bondy

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Allende was so self-evidently splendid and the United States so obviously horrible, how come the opposite happened in Chile?

I am not now saying that the CIA didn't play its part. Its money, we are told, helped to finance such things as the opposition press and the transport strikes which, together with other American pressures, no doubt hastened Allende's end. But these things were not the *cause* of the widespread alarm and discontent any more than, say, "reds under the bed" are the *cause* of the repeated confrontations between British coal miners and Her Majesty's Government. Obviously, the "reds" are there, like the CIA; but they are, so to speak, the bucket and not the well—dipping into troubled waters that already exist.

MY OWN VIEW remains that Allende would have destroyed himself eventually without CIA intervention because his policies *necessarily* involved political polarisation and, therefore, the likelihood that he would be overtaken by extremism from either the right or the left. Obviously this can never be proved now—a thousand pities that the CIA helped to obscure the lesson!—but perhaps I may be allowed to point out that I foresaw the possibility as early as July 1971, just nine months after Allende had come to power.

Writing in the *Sunday Times* then, after a visit to Chile, I described fears already growing in Santiago that a situation would arise in which "the chances are that Allende will no longer be able to command any significant central ground. . . . [He] and his 'constitutional revolutionaries' will simply be broken on the rack."

I was not alone. Alistair Horne was clearly aware of the same possibility at about the same time (see, *e.g.*, ENCOUNTER, July 1971). Régis Debray was plainly uneasy about it; so was the Chilean Communist party; so, I believe, was Castro—and there were many others. Some of these may seem strange bedfellows for an old-fashioned liberal democrat like me, but at least I think we were all trying, in our different ways, to deal with political realities rather than the sort of sentimental fantasies that Allende and many of his supporters—especially overseas—seemed to prefer.

As I wrote in my original ENCOUNTER article:

> "Basically, [Allende] was a political romantic, dealing in sensations rather than sense. He enjoyed his hour upon the stage but he never properly assessed the forces he was dealing with, either for or against him. He raised expectations on his own side without commanding the means to satisfy them, and he encouraged opposition on the other side by his use of revolutionary rhetoric whose threats he also could not fulfil. At best he was muddle-headed; and time may show he was deliberately deceitful. Certainly he managed to deceive a lot of people, including himself. But in the end reality taught its own, hard lessons. . . ."

I will stand on that, CIA or no CIA. After all, the CIA is part of the real world, too.

DAVID HOLDEN

London

Kremlinological Humour

IN THE January issue of ENCOUNTER, your columnist cites a *New York Times* comment by me on a photograph of the Soviet leaders gathered in Red Square for the May Day parade:

> "Some people have moved up, some have moved down. The symbolism of the military prominence is a sign of the importance of the military-industrial complex. In the '74 pictures the only ones who have their hats on are the military and the secret police. What are they hiding? . . ."

It then goes to ask rhetorically "Why did no one laugh?"

Alas, the observation above was a spoof and it was designed to elicit a laugh. It was followed by the observation that the reason the civilian Soviet leaders had their hats off was that the national anthem was being played! Perhaps my sense of humour was not very effective, but I would feel more charitable about *R*'s motives if he had not cut out that subsequent remark concerning the Soviet national anthem, which was designed to convey even to the most obtuse that the above comments were a spoof on Kremlinology.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI

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Columbia University,
New York City

Rape Story

LET ME CONGRATULATE Mr Michael Vannoy Adams on his article [ENCOUNTER, January] about censorship in the universities. I, too, was graduated from Texas Christian University in 1964, and can augment Mr Adams' thesis with a previous example of censorship. In the early 1960s, I co-organised at TCU one of the few cultural film series in the Southwest (see Dwight Macdonald on film series in Texas). Over a 10-year period, we screened about 200 of the most significant domestic and foreign films, ranging from D. W. Griffith to Andrzej Wajda. From those some hundreds of films, one only—Ingmar Bergman's *The Virgin Spring*—was censored by TCU. The city of Fort Worth, some two years earlier, managed to obtain a court injunction forbidding exhibition of the film's explicit rape sequence (a scene quite tame by recent standards). Pressure was exerted by representatives of the university on J. M. Martin, student chairman of the film series, who later became a screen writer and editor of *Coast Magazine* in Los Angeles. The rape sequence in question was regrettably excised from the film by the chairman under duress. To the best of my knowledge, *The Virgin Spring* cannot be shown to the public in the city of Fort Worth to this very day. Times being less volatile, the facts never came before the public.

Fortunately this censorship story ends happily. The public television outlet, KERA, in nearby Dallas, broadcast the film for all to see on 12 July 1974, some nine years after this sorry incident occurred.

JOHN W. GASTON

Johnson O'Connor Research Foundation,
Ft. Worth, Texas

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Life & Letters Today

Paris

DIAGNOSIS: Ionesco's anti-hero in his first novel is a pleasant fellow when he is not philosophising. He remarks that "when one is not a great philosopher, one should not philosophise" and then goes on unmercifully about the least tangible aspects of that discipline. He speaks, for example, of "the illness of our century" and I wonder which illness he can mean. Pellagra? Elephantiasis? Tertiary yaws? Hemorrhoids?

NEW YORK TIMES

London

GUARDIAN ANGLES: *Do I detect the start of some playful word jousting twixt the headline writers of the front page of the Guardian newspaper and their colleagues responsible for same on the feature pages inside?*

The jolly funster-punsters inside have long enjoyed supremacy in the composition of groanworthy puns and herewith a few recent horrors. "Costa Packet" (on story about Court Line collapse); "Ant Agonies" (about a spot of ant trouble); "Soccer to me baby" (interview with Sir Alf Ramsey); "Summit Amiss" (a communist meeting in Crimea); "Bad Yolk" (about ESP) and "Scots Nats Bite" which was about the Labour party's problems north of the border.

The front page boys have been getting into the fray these past few days, with today's perhaps registering higher on my groanometer: "Court inquiry a Shore miss with Tories".

"Ford builds a Rockefeller Foundation" yesterday was not quite up to the inside lot's standard, but "Political storm blows Benn out of Court" was a tryer.

Poor Tony Benn (ding dong) seems to bring the worst out of any punster. "Benn industry blueprint turns pale pink" was followed a few days later with blush-making stuff.

EVENING STANDARD

Cheltenham

I.Q. ARGUMENT: *I was very surprised [writes G. P. Hamel] by the contents of the report on I.Q. tests. In this, your Education Staff report Mr John Wilson as quoting the question: "Which is the odd man out? Panama, London, Duluth, Cambridge, Edsele."*

It is further alleged that the correct answer to this is Cambridge—because it is the only town to have three vowels in its name.

As I read the question I almost immediately came to the conclusion that the answer was indeed Cambridge, though for a different reason—it contains nine letters while all the others have six.

Town	Letters	Vowels	
Panama	6	3	(*all "a"*)
London	6	2	(*both "o"*)
Duluth	6	2	(*both "u"*)
Cambridge	9	3	(*all different*)
Edsele	6	3	(*all "e"*)

But if those responsible insist upon advancing the issue of the vowel content then at least it must be stated that Cambridge is the only one containing three different *vowels.*

I would therefore take Mr Wilson's argument a step further and say that only those candidates who gave the reason as being either "nine letters" or "three different *vowels" should be considered as having given the correct solution. And this achievement* does *in fact denote intelligence and should be assessed as such.*

As for those who are apparently unable to see clearly even on this elementary level, and are yet in charge of various aspects of our educational system, I must confess that the prospect seems to me somewhat horrific.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Paris

FASHION NOTE: *Mrs Ernestine Carter's talent—her memoirs, as Fashion Editor of* The Sunday Times, *are called "With Tongue in Chic"—was all the more remarkable because, while she came to like fashion (which she treated as a sociological phenomenon), she never went overboard in print.*

"I admire Mrs Vreeland" (Diana Vreeland, former editor of American Vogue*) she writes, "for her dedication to fashion but I cannot imagine myself saying, as she is quoted, that 'the bikini is the most important thing since the atom bomb.'"*

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

London

WRITERS' TALK: Richard Burton arrived in England to film opposite Sophia Loren in Noel Coward's film classic *Brief Encounter*.

Burton denies that his fame troubles him. Even though he belongs, as he himself says, to the "super famous".

"Well, it doesn't bother me. I have an intensely private, private life."

"Most of my close friends—about 20 I consider really great friends—only about four of them are actors. The rest are mostly writers. I think, of course you know, in my business it's very rare to find an intelligent actor. Apart from anything else, you can't have a conversation with an actor, with most actors it is a series of theatrical stories. All of which are, of course, terribly entertaining. Actors are the best raconteurs in the world. They ought to be, it is their craft. But as for conversation in the classical sense, it practically ceases to exist among actors. But it exists among writers. The only trouble with them, they don't want to talk because they want to observe and milk your brains. They try to make the actor talk. Then the actor refuses to talk because *he* wants to watch the writer and see how he behaves."

THE TIMES

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"Campus Protest"

AS A FELLOW TRAVELLER through two-thirds of Michael Vannoy Adams' described voyage in "An Odyssey of Campus Protest," [ENCOUNTER, January] I wish to make one minor adjustment in an otherwise excellently recounted course. Dick Gregory was indeed allowed to speak at Texas Christian University. The Chancellor of the institution, however, was quick to state publicly that he did not attend Gregory's programme for "obvious reasons." Presumably, one does not listen to one with whom one does not agree, particularly if others sharing the same frame of mind are paying the bills.

ROBERT G. LARGEN

School of Journalism,
Drake University,
Des Moines, Iowa

Remembrance of Things Past

"POPE'S NOSE" is not an "in" word (Donald O. Halgren, "Letters", January). I heard it as a child in Philadelphia, and I am 86. About 40 years ago a lapsed Roman Catholic I knew had his devout mother come from the East Coast for Thanksgiving, and when the daughter-in-law remarked that the pan was too small to accommodate the turkey all the way to the pope's nose she left the house in indignation.

Also, in San Francisco, an apartment's rent includes a stove and refrigerator; a flat's does not. A flat is also usually larger than an apartment. In my childhood a flat was a string of rooms on one floor they had in New York. In Philadelphia we all had private houses, however small, and on a side street.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

San Francisco,
California

AUTHORS

Paul Theroux's latest novel is *The Black House* (1974); Hamish Hamilton have just published a volume of his short stories, *Sinning with Annie,* and in the autumn will bring out a travel book, *The Great Railway Bazaar,* describing a journey from London to Tokyo and back. . . .

Michael Wharton has achieved—in his role as the "Peter Simple" columnist of the *Daily Telegraph*—recognition as one of London's leading satirical writers in the long line of mordant English wits. He created the character of "Dr Heinz Kiosk" in his daily paragraphs, and at our request has written this fuller profile. "Dr Kiosk" won special notoriety last year when, in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* a Moscow commentator, not quite in tune with the Spirit of Irony, fulminated at the "heretical deviations of the decadent Anglo-German mind." But, dear comrades, any resemblance to Anglo-German minds, living or dead, is purely coincidental. . . . Next month we will be publishing Michael Wharton's "Short Industrial History of Rentacrowd Ltd.". . . .

The illustrations for "Dr. Heinz Kiosk" are by **ffolkes**. . . .

Frances Yates is a distinguished scholar of the thought and history of the Renaissance. Among her books are *Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition* (1964), *The Art of Memory* (1966), *Theatre of the World* (1972), and *Astraea* (1975). Routledge will shortly be publishing *Shakespeare's Last Plays: A New Approach,* from which her article in this issue is an extract. . . .

George Feaver is Professor of Political Science at the University of British Columbia, and the author of *From Status to Contract: A Biography of Sir Henry Maine* (Longman, 1969). . . .

Hans Heigert, chief editor of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* (Munich), and **Theo Sommer,** Editor of *Die Zeit* (Hamburg), travelled together on a recent tour of South America. . . .

George Steiner is Professor of English and Comparative Literature at the University of Geneva. His books include *The Death of Tragedy* (1960), *Language and Silence* (1967) and *In Bluebeard's Castle* (1971). Oxford University Press have recently published his latest work, *After Babel: Aspects of Language and Translation.* . . .

Edward Lucie-Smith is one of the foremost London art critics. His books include *Movements in Art since 1945* (1969), *Eroticism in Western Art,* and *Symbolist Art* (Thames and Hudson, 1972). Later this year Paddington Press are to publish a work on early photography, *The Invented Eye,* and a study of craftsmanship, *The World of the Makers.* . . .

Geoffrey Grigson's writings on art include *English Drawings* (1955) and *Art Treasures of the British Museum* (1958). *Britain Observed,* a study of English landscape painting, is to be published by Phaidon Press later this year. . . .

Robert Melville is art critic for the *New Statesman* and *The Architectural Review,* and author of *Henry Moore: Sculpture and Drawings* (Thames and Hudson, 1972) and *Erotic Art of the West* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1973). . . .

Alec Clifton-Taylor is the author of *The Pattern of English Building* (Faber, 1962, revised edition 1972) and *The Cathedrals of England* (Thames and Hudson, 1967); Batsford last year published his *English Parish Churches as Works of Art.* . . .

David S. Anin is the author of *The Revolution of 1917 as Viewed by its Leaders,* published in Russian by the Italian publishers, Aurora, in 1973; German and English editions will shortly be appearing. He edited the McGraw-Hill *Encyclopaedia of Russia and the Soviet Union,* and has contributed articles on Russian affairs to numerous journals. . . .

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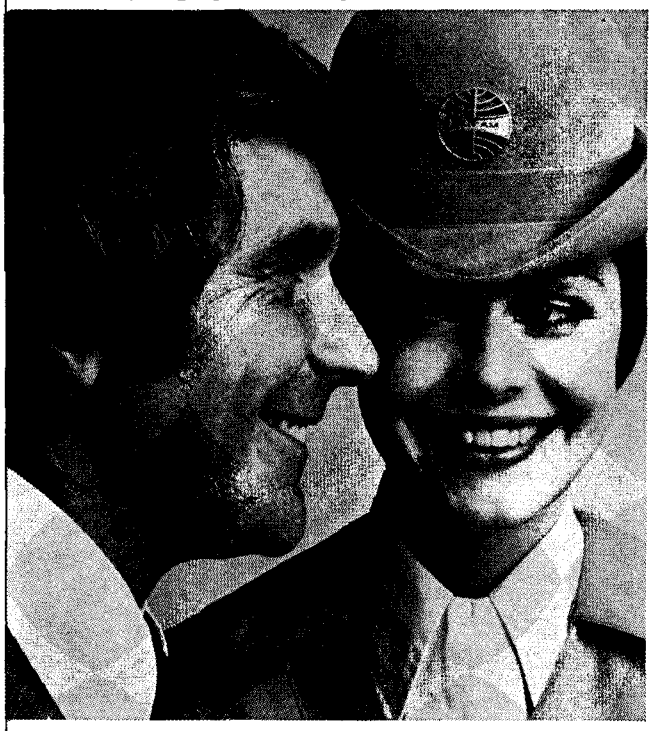

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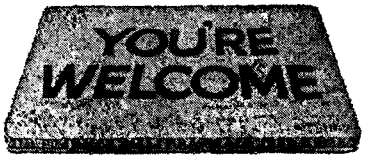

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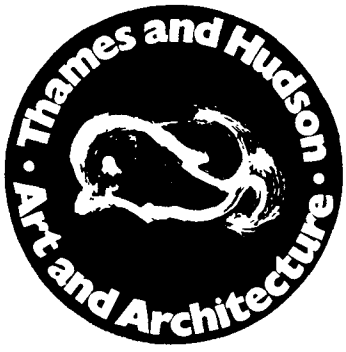

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